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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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POETRY.

RIDDLES

BY

DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

RIDDLES

BY

DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.*

WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724.

—o—

PETHOX† THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shews;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace,
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,

---

* The following notice is subjoined to some of those riddles, in the Dublin edition:—"About nine or ten years ago, (*i.e.* about 1724,) some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed, both here and in England. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author hath a great esteem, and who were pleased to send us the copies, we have ventured to print the few following, as we have done two or three before, and which are allowed to be genuine; because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions."

† This name is a filthy anagram.—H.

The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil:
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee;)
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, shew numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,
For so conjectures would obtrude;
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shews,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew'd.
The bird of Pallas * knows his post,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.
  Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,

---

* Bubo, the owl.—Dubl. ed.

Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state,
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
  Thou darest the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments died.
  From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.
  The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scrawl a billet-doux.
  With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:

But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
  Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon ;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.
  How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground ;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march :
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as Hell:
You, in your capital secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

ON A PEN. 1724.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced ;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side :

No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he flayed, my hair he cropt:
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
  Nay; man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
  But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refused to lend them fire.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
  I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me, I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice.

Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pickt.
  By riding post, I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

ON THE POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense;
And yet my speaking gives offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am opprest:
And my oppression gives them rest.
  Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
  In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;

While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell,

ON A HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll shew the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestowed thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

ON A CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways,
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.

The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I shew
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass;
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I shew my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a-day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

1724.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind,
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass,
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.

For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half-ashamed and half-afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.
  A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works,
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
  In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguished mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here the gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
  Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
  See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
  And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,

Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen;
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
  Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds:
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or, whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
  Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs,
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

LOUISA* TO STREPHON. 1724.

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies!
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred:
Embraced thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
  Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
  Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, (a numerous host,)
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains:

* This riddle is solved by an anagram.—H.

Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

A MAYPOLE. 1725.

DEPRIVED of root, and branch and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand.
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing.
And though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol raised on high;

And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knocked me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restored all three—
I mean the church, the king, and me.

ON THE MOON.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I shew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar:
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.

WHAT will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures Heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

ON INK.

I AM jet black, as you may see,
  The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that own me will agree,
  I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
  Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
  Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
  And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
  For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly shew a reason why
  There should be quarrels among kings;

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
  And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
  'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip their clients to their coats;
  Nay, give their very souls away.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
  One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,

But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
  If wine's bought or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
  Pierce us all with wounding steel
One for all of us will feel.
  Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
  Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

FONTINELLA* TO FLORINDA.

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
  Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
  Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
  In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
  Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I shew as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
  And so am I, while thou art here;

---

* A fountain.

But soon will come the fatal time,
  When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
  Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
  And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

AN ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the lovesick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:

Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet everything that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet everywhere I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but never new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone:
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;

A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor ne'er can die,
Then, pr'ythee, tell me what am I?

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And, as I please, they're great and small;
Invading foes without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance:
Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea,
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind,
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ON TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

ON A CANNON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.

For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made and some undone :
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he :
I, a virtue, strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair ;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.

Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke, and smear'd with
snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Polished neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears and pale,
Watching for the public weal;
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart,
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut,
Often fair, and soft and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck'd with fairest flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;

Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I love to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder,
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror, I'll shew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
When you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground!
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop,
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.*

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when she paints the sky.
Can shew more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast,
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.

---

* This and the following riddle were originally communicated by Swift to Oldisworth, who published them in the Muse's Mercury.

I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Your house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

A RIDDLE.

I'm wealthy and poor,
  I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
  I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul and yet fair:
  I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
  And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F——R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor,
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes while he rots with the scab;
'Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty and lies with a drab.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

Sir,

Pray discruciate what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.[1]

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.[2]

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.[3]

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.[4]

---

[1] A swine. [2] A swallow. [3] A stallion. [4] A sail.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.[5]

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.[6]

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.[7]

The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.[8]

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.[9]

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.[10]

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor Mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.[11]

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.[12]

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.[13]

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.[14]

---

[5] A spaniel. [6] A spur. [7] A soul. [8] A sloven.
[9] A sallad. [10] A slip. [11] A sparrow. [12] A saddle.
[13] A style. [14] A slice.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.[15]

The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.[16]

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.[17]

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.[18]

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.[19]

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.[20]

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

---

[15] A spy. [16] A spavin. [17] A spit.
[18] A skewer. [19] Assault. [20] A smock.

PROBATUR ALITER.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.[1]

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms' first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought,
In clergymen the greatest fault.[2]

A long-eared beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.[3]

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.[4]

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.[5]

A long-eared beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.[6]

A long-ear'd beast, and Flanders College,
Is Dr. T——l, to my knowledge.[7]

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.[8]

---

[1] A shovel. [2] Aspiring. [3] A switch. [4] A skewer.
[5] A sparable; a small nail in a shoe. [6] A shock.
[7] A sloven. [8] Asperse, (Pearce was an architect, who built the Parliament-house, Dublin.)

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.[9]

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.[10]

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.[11]

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.[12]

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.[13]

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.[14]

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate sweep.[15]

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.[16]

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.[17]

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all unless I look't better.[18]

---

[9] A soul. [10] A slice. [11] A scar. [12] A swallow.
[13] A sty. [14] A sink. [15] A slam. [16] A slate.
[17] A swine. [18] Askew.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.[19]

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there nothing comes so near.[20]

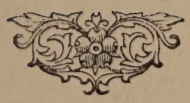
A long-eared beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.[21]

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.[22]

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.[23]

---

[19] A saddle. [20] A smock. [21] A spur.
[22] Assault. [23] A snail.



TRIFLES,

PASSING BETWEEN

SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

TRIFLES.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,* 1718.

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four,
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method-sake, begin with the last.

---

* The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.—H.

You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum.*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends,
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up and then take you down;
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he's heaved from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. September 20, 1718.—I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,*

IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

SINCE your poetic prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, sir, I'm now not your man, sir;
For pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran back!
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my conscience,
And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense.
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mister Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

---

* Whimsical Medley, p. 352.

Oft have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers falling all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant Time;
Alas! what cannot time subdue?
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;
I'll send you wings, and send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.

T. Sheridan.

—o—

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

I AM teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's Street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's Lane.

I am yours,

Reverend Sir, to command,

PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—Horat.*

AD te, doctissime Delany,
Pulsus à foribus Decani,
Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,

---

* In this cover was enclosed Swift's verses to Sheridan, beginning *Deliciæ Musarum*, &c.

Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quæris quàm malè sit stomacho num ?
Iratus valdè valdè latrat,
Crumenicidam fermè patrat:
Quin ergo releves ægrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quæso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrâ benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiæ vestræ non scripsissem ; quam profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Sævit Boreas, mugiunt procellæ, dentibus invitis maxillæ bellum gerunt. Nec minus, intestino depræliantibus tumultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, hæc nostra querela. Proh Deùm atque hominum fidem ! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura ? mehercule, nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi, ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nôssem succurrere potuisse, mehercule, neque fores vestras pultûssem, neque limina tetigissem. Quàm longum iter famelicus peregi ! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans ; sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Mæce-

natis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani, sæpius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Hæc omnia, quæ nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo benè: quod negamus:
Pinguis et lautè saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetæ
Nobilis læti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus, (meditans merendam,
Prandium, cœnam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quæso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanæ tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Ædibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem! Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed præstat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenæ im-
ponere vestræ?

—o—

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.*

Dear Sir, Since you in humble wise
Have made a recantation,
From your low bended knees arise;
I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,
As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field
With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
You make a wretched figure.†

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,
And write a panegyric
Upon the man you cannot stand;
I'll have it done in lyric:

---

* Whimsical Medley, p. 359.

† A leg awry.

That all the boys I teach may sing
  The achievements of their Chiron ;*
What conquests my stern looks can bring
  Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,
  From magazine of standish
Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the Dean,
  Than any sword we brandish.

My ink's my flash, my pen's my bolt;
  Whene'er I please to thunder,
I'll make you tremble like a colt,
  And thus I'll keep you under.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.†

DEAR DEAN, I'm in a sad condition,
  I cannot see to read or write ;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
  Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, though light, 's a dungeon grown,
  The windows of my soul are closed ;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
  My verse and I are both composed.

* A fair open for you.

† Whimsical Medley, p. 359.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
For who can sleep, that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
Therefore I lay me down to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
The fiery sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back,
Some ending where they just begun.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

AN ANSWER, BY DELANY.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.*

DEAR SHERRY, I'm sorry for your bloodsheded sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.
Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "He's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye,
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,

* Whimsical Medley, p. 361.

Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can *ab uxore;*
And then if friend Dick* will but ope your back-door, he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
(Though I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*,
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my story.

—o—

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY.†

I LIKE your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye 'um,
'Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise,‡
Who open'd the eyes of the nation.

---

* Dr. Richard Helsham. See p. 53.
† Whimsical Medley, p. 363. ‡ Probably Dr. Davenant.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly ;—
  You know, there's in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
  Don't I write in the dark like a Tory ?

Your water so far goes,
'Twould serve for an Argus,
  Were all his whole hundred sore ;
So many we read
He had in his head,
  Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir,
  If ever I think once to fee you ;
For I'd have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
  That it's honour enough, if I see you.

—o—

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN.*

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes ;
As the Dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and skies !
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,

* Whimsical Medley, p. 363.

To answer your stuff and the Doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
Though he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of pies,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit frize.

—o—

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.*

Dear Tom, I'm surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime,
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides Dick† forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.

---

* Whimsical Medley, p. 364.
† Dr. Richard Helsham.

In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc benè nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abundà,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quîs* mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris†
Mixtus Saturno;‡ penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mî bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.
Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.

Hæc somnians cecini,

JON. SWIFT.

Oct. 23, 1718.

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* Pro potes.—Horat. † Pro quovis fluvio.—Virg.
‡ Saccharo Saturni.

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN.*

PERLEGI versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidèm; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phœbus, oculis collyria præbes,
Ne minus insanæ reparas quoque damna Dianæ,
Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicum binum permit, et negatis mihi vinum.
O terra et cœlum! quàm redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mavellem.
Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, hæsit sic vocis imago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;

* Whimsical Medley, p. 365.

But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious * and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,† just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles,
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

---

* Bawdy.—Dublin Edit.

† N.B.—The Strand in London. The fact may not be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.—SWIFT.

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Pareus wrote but sorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish Pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggotty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The Devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
* I believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that——pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn;
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

---

* N.B.—You told me you forgot your Greek.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

1718.

DEAR DEAN, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them;
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, sir?
"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

—o—

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crack't,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid,* was the first man's damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1718,
past 12 at noon.

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN.

Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach,
From my Muse in a car, to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;
For were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud.

* A damsel, i.e. *Adam's Hell.*—H. Vir Gin.—Dubl. Ed.

You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is; What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the bran?"
I tell you in short, sir, you should* have a pair o' stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'd your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?
A damsel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceived it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog, and my school-house this weather,
Make up the best catch when they're coupled together?

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718,
past 5 in the morning, on a repetition
day.

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* Begging pardon for the expression to a dignitary of the church.—S.

TO THE SAME.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

12 o'Clock at Noon,
September 12, 1718.

SIR,

PERHAPS you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom is,
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phœbus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and business, my skull's split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye, I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two,
Dear Dean, I shall ne'er be divided from you.

—o—

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I CANNOT but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.
Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important,
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle, as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A school-boy knows this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.

Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.*
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar,
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our alehouse.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can,
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas?
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks;
Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718,
just 12 at noon.

---

* Ut tu perperàm argumentaris.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

SIR,

YOUR Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me! a'nt I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phœbus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ——,
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee!
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpomene.
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:

Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Apollo shine through you.
Don't think, sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a dun;
Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.*

SIR,

WHEN I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro?*
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school din:
And I think I may say, you could many good shillings get,
Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate;
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;

* Whimsical Medley, p. 360.

Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me staunch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche.*
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta,*
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago.*
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart:*
Your ink is your poison,* your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink,† your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground, he sours below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?
Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort
Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they watch for't.
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing highday:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bedside, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

---

* Viz. ut tu prædicas. † Viz. ut ego assero verius.

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult, pro "fear a *Dun*," lege "fear a *Dan*:" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.*

Dec. 14, 1719, Nine at night.

SIR,

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies† this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery; and the boy here had not been sent, to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone about ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

---

* In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.—H.

† Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—F.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my Lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1 P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P.S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P.S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;

The long and the short, we shall not have a quart,
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing,* I'd be glad of a knoggin :†
But I doubt 'tis a sham ; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with a spoonful,
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble,
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop ;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor supernaculum ;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

STELLA.

—o—

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER.

I'D have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain ;
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean ;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain :
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain ;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein ;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain ;
Your most humble servant, dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

---

* A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.—F.

† A name used in Ireland for the English quartern.—F.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any: *
Take care you do not bid too many.

—o—

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY.

THE verses you sent on your bottling your wine
Were, in every's one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catherine,†
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine.
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle or trine.

---

* *i.e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy.—F.
† The seat of Lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.—F.

Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

—o—

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES,

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACOR, NEAR TRIM.

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA.

THIS addition to the familiar poetry, which occupied so much of Dean Swift's leisure, is made from Mr. Smith's papers.

THAT Downpatrick's Dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand Deans, two Deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellcampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamesters of both houses great discontent.

Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.
But your fancy on rhyming so cursedly bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent;
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crambo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and quint,
Which you know to a gamester is great bitterment;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent.

Bellcampe, January 1, 1717.

—o—

A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES,

FROM

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George,* Dan,† Dean,‡ and Nim,§
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,

* George Rochfort.—F. † Mr. Jackson.—F.
‡ Dr. Swift.—F.
§ Mr. John Rochfort, called by the Dean, Nimrod, or Nim, from his attachment to hunting.

Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i'th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brim-
Mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
Ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's strong 's tim-
Ber, 't must have ach'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that 's t' say, D'ln', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic St'wart, H'lsham, Capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks Timm.*

—o—

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads, (for such they are,)
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;

---

* Dr. James Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.—F.

Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses ;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
  Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced.*
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in :
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together ;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar ;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box ;
Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct ;
In chains thy syllables are linkt ;
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx ;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages !

---

* In the Dubl. edit.—

Makes thy verse smooth, and makes them last.

Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

—o—

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION

TO

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here.
For why should you stay in the filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?

For as for honest John,* though I'm not sure on't yet I'll be hang'd, lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.†
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
O! I forgot too! I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he
That wrote the prologue,‡ and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end, he'll sham ye.

---

* Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.—F.

† Arthur, Earl of Anglesey.

‡ It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class, just before they entered the university; and, accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on Hippolytus, writ a prologue in English, to be spoken by Master Thom Putland, one of the youngest children he had in his school. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the speaker, who as regularly was taught and rehearsed his part as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened that Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, had promised Sheridan that he would go and see his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Dr. Helsham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiously at Sheridan's; and privately instructed Master Putland how to act his part; and at the same time exacted a promise from the child, that no consideration should make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the archbishop attended according to his promise; and Master Putland began Helsham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to such a degree, (although he was one of the best-natured men in the world,) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in respect to the archbishop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helsham's performance. When the play was over, the archbishop was very desirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the entreaties of the archbishop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could

Bring down Longshanks Jim * too; but, now I think
on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,† I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
a-courting sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down
all: for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's
jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy, centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun,
and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which
I must say is (though written somewhat at large)
trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

---

not prevail with Master Putland to repeat it, having, he said, promised faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore insisted that he would keep his word.—F.

* Dr. James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne.—F.

† The seat of —— Hussay, Esq., in the county of Kildare.—F.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES.

BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME.*

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon:
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:

---

* These were written all in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.—F.

Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
  Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
  Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
  O thou, of all the Nine inspired!
My languid soul, with teaching tired,
How is it raptured, when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
  Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train of variegated dye,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.
  Thy verse—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo * in good humour;

---

* At Gaulstown there is so famous an echo, that if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.—F.

And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.*

—o—

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were sent to their betters:
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each single verse took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre? †

---

* These words allude to their amusements with the echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones when beaten one against the other, returned by the echo.—F.

† There were four human figures in the centre of the circular verses.—F.

'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty* presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.†
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

—o—

ON

DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

WITH music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light:
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.

---

* Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq.—F.

† Miss Thomason, Lady Betty's daughter, then, perhaps, about a year old; afterwards married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq. of Paynstown, in the county of Meath.

Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice Apollo, disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
With them I'm content thou should'st make thy abode:
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleased; and, resolving to jest,
Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

—o—

ON

DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her.
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.

Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to made roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone.
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;
Say you so? says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *sculpsit.*

—o—

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measures you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.

How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll sware the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

—o—

ON THE SAME.

IF you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it,
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

—o—

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN'S evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *sculp.*

—o—

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuffed with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shews,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Shew me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge
and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poesis.*

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew.

Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

—o—

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be:
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipped in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed: a word or two t'ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone,
In your opinion, are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refined, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry;
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables:

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turned, my friend, on you
the tables.

—o—

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.

And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amazed you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envied by him, much less by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envied, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you knew it;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspired,
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fired.
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be denied that Sherry's two more,
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care:
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale, and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your face a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t' your gullet.

—o—

A REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't;

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be called lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me.

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound!
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,

Dan's noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead in't.

—o—

ANOTHER REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster.

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines; *
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

---

* A village near Dublin.—F.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment,
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

—o—

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now, lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on;
For you my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

THE PARDON.

THE suit which humbly you have made,
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
I pardon, now you've courted;

And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

—o—

THE

LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS

OF

DANIEL JACKSON.

My dear Countrymen,

——Mediocribus esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:—

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander, with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:

You'll have a gosling, call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the God of Wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets,
He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, Gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, &c., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung;*
There's nine, I see,—the Muses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine!
1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same.
3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah, do't:
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky:
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

* The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder; still used in every part of Ireland.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
  As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
  Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
  In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
  Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
  Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
  I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
  Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd an hundred times,
  He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys' bums,
  The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boys' top but louder hums
  The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
  (A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
  Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
  And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
  He'll strut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

LEAN TOM, when I saw him last week on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

—o—

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and skulk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierced; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff,
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your *larva's* wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking-trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other.

You made me in your last a goose;
I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;

And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
And like a bird do something more ;
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head ;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

—o—

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY.

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquils.
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard.
You're my goose, and no other man's ;
And you know, all my geese are swans :
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose instead of gander ;
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.

I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch.
As for your writing I am dead
I leave it for the second head.

Deanery-House, Oct. 27, 1718.

—o—

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

I CAN'T but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, Sir, in a writing vein;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain,
Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, TOM SHERIDAN.

—o—

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

—o—

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO

DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!
You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan!
'tis a shame
For a parson who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame
and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than
you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,
Because my master, one day, in anger, call'd you a
goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so
late in your wicked college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave:* a Christian
eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or
an ass:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe
that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.

---

* See p. 104.

Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command, MARY.

—o—

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas,* Ford,† Grattan,‡ and
Merry Dan,§
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

—o—

ON STEALING A CROWN,

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have oped your mouth, and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:

---

* Dr. Thos. Sheridan.—F.
† Chas. Ford, of Woodpark, Esq.—F.
‡ Rev. John Grattan.—F. § Rev. Daniel Jackson.—F.

Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

—o—

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and sixpence-ha'penny.
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady † at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,‡
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.

---

* A shilling passes for thirteenpence in Ireland.—F.

† Lady Mountcashel.—F.

‡ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and accomptant-general of Ireland, a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY,

PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.

SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS.

As in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To Heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

—o—

THE EPILOGUE.*

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
But time well spent at school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guessed long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir,
Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe.†
Him we'll dismiss, that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith, he's like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

---

* Whimsical Medley, p. 371.

† The author appears to have intended that the vulgar pronunciation, *conster*, should be here adopted.

THE SONG.*

A parody on the popular song beginning,

"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent."

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey," and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book:
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are away?
Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?

* Whimsical Medley, p. 333.

Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

—o—

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil,
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want, in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* The name of an Irish servant.

—o—

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. 1723.

THIS jeu d'esprit by Sheridan, is given from the papers preserved by Mr. Smith, and now printed for the first time.

How few can be of grandeur sure!
The high may fall, the rich be poor.
The only favourite at court,
To-morrow may be Fortune's sport;
For all her pleasure and her aim,
Is to destroy both power and fame.
Of this the Dean is an example,
No instance is more plain and ampl
The world did never yet produce,
For courts a man of greater use.
Nor has the world supplied as yet,
With more vivacity and wit;
Merry alternately and wise,
To please the statesman, and advise.
Through all the last and glorious reign,
Was nothing done without the Dean;
The courtier's prop, the nation's pride;
But now, alas! he's thrown aside;
He's quite forgot, and so's the queen,
As if they both had never been.
To see him now a mountaineer!
Oh! what a mighty fall is here!

From settling governments and thrones,
To splitting rocks, and piling stones.
Instead of Bolingbroke and Anna,
Shane Tunnally, and Bryan Granna,
Oxford and Ormond he supplies,
In every Irish Teague he spies:
So far forgetting his old station,
He seems to like their conversation,
Conforming to the tatter'd rabble,
He learns their Irish tongue to gabble;
And, what our anger more provokes,
He's pleased with their insipid jokes;
Then turns and asks them who do lack a
Good plug, or pipeful of tobacco.
All cry they want, to every man
He gives, extravagant, a span.
Thus are they grown more fond than ever,
And he is highly in their favour.
  Bright Stella, Quilca's greatest pride,
For them he scorns and lays aside;
And Sheridan is left alone
All day, to gape, and stretch, and groan;
While grumbling, poor, complaining Dingley,
Is left to care and trouble singly.
All o'er the mountains spreads the rumour,
Both of his bounty and good humour;
So that each shepherdess and swain,
Come flocking here to see the Dean.
All spread around the land, you'd swear
That every day we kept a fair.
My fields are brought to such a pass,
I have not left a blade of grass;
That all my wethers and my beeves
Are slighted by the very thieves.
  At night right loath to quit the park,
His work just ended by the dark,

With all his pioneers he comes,
To make more work for whisk and brooms.
Then seated in an elbow-chair,
To take a nap he does prepare;
While two fair damsels from the lawns,
Lull him asleep with soft cronawns.
  Thus are his days in delving spent,
His nights in music and content;
He seems to gain by his distress,
His friends are more, his honours less.

—o—

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Nor seen by our betters.

—o—

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews;
Our horses away; no straw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all servants
  at play.

—o—

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina;*
I'm charm'd at home with your Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers' meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;

* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.—Dubl. ed.

If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
  Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Faden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man now come from Quilca says,
"*They've* * stol'n the locks from all your keys;"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "*They* stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."

---

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan: for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "They have stolen it."—Dubl. ed.

Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"*They've* stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe,
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

—o—

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE

FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM IN T. C. D.

IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725.

——Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.—VIRG.

THIS description of a scholar's room in Trinity College, Dublin, was found among Mr. Smith's papers. It is not in the Dean's hand, but seems to have been the production of Sheridan.

IMPRIMIS, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks as I may rank it,
Reduced to rug and half a blanket.
A tinder-box without a flint,
An oaken desk with nothing in't;

A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot, and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows;
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting,
Either for table-cloth or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd, and fallen in the stitches,
Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing.
A trencher and a College bottle,
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book which he seldom handles;
A save-all and two-farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burger's dicius and a Bible.
The C**** † Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item, (if I'm not much mistaken,)
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slippers.
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule's ended.

---

† Illegible. John Overton's prints are often mentioned as the furniture of mean apartments.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
Should you compassion shew.

Take those iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To single your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
They'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
To sink them in the harbour:
If not they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's schemes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:
As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

—o—

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE,*

WITH THE DOCTOR † AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B.—THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
  Who in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a-grinning,
  To see you safe in Sot's-Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought
  A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
  He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces,
  On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
  Than Venus like an owl.

---

* An ale-house in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.—F.
† Doctor Thomas Sheridan.—F.

And we shall take you rather
  To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
  With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
  To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low,
  To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
  Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
  By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
  While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
  From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
  With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
  Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
  I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
  Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch;*
  And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
  I'll treat you with burgundy.

---

* Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.—F.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU,

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You little scribbling beau,
  What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
  As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
  I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
  Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
  The man and place we chose:
We're sure a single parson
  Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
  Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver cloaks and tassels;
  You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
  A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
  Have gain'd a paltry grisette

Shall we, of sense refined,
  Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
  As empty as the air ?

We hate your empty prattle ;
  And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle,
  Than twenty fops like you.

—o—

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper black !
  I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
  As Tisdall * smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff !
  Fine ladies never do ;
I know you well enough,
  And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
  Nor scold, nor keep a splutter ;
Their verses give delight,
  As soft and sweet as butter

* A clergyman in the north of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.—F.

But Satan never saw
  Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
  As bad as Suffolk cheese.

—o—

DR SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON

BALLYSPELLIN.* 1728.

All you that would refine your blood,
  As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
  To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skin enrich
  With rubies past the telling.
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
  A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
  When she comes from her dwelling.
The kindling rose within it glows
  When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
  Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
  By dint of Ballyspellin.

* A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady.—Anderson.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
  As Rose,* or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
  Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
  And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain: the ladies reign,
  They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
  They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
  Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
  I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
  Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
  To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
  Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
  No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
  Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
  Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
  By drinking Ballyspellin.

---

* Ross.—Dubl. Ed.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
  From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
  A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
  No sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
  But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipp'd with steel,
  Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
  We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
  Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
  Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
  No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake for Celia's sake,
  All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
  No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
  Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
  Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
  I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.* BY DR. SWIFT.

DARE you dispute, you saucy brute,
  And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
  You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
  Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
  When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
  You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
  From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
  Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
  To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
  When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
  You met at Ballyspellin.

---

* This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the Spa; and Swift, very unjustly, in the opinion of the present Editor, has recorded his doing so as an offence against "all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners." The answer seems to have been written during Swift's residence with Sir Arthur Acheson.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
  Who sowins* make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
  Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
  To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
  At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
  Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
  Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
  All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
  At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
  Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
  Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
  She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
  The belles of Ballyspellin!

---

* A food much used in Scotland, the north of Ireland, and other parts. It is made of oatmeal, and sometimes of the shellings of oats; and known by the names of sowings or flummery.—F.

How would you stare, to see her there,
  The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
  Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
  A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
  That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
  Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
  At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
  Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
  To force in Ballyspellin.

—o—

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES,

WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS.

BY

DR. SHERIDAN.* 1733.

To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile† for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.‡
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud § presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim? ||

---

* The following foot-notes, which appear to be Dr. Sheridan's, are replaced from the Irish edition.

† Most ladies, in reading, call this word a *smile;* but they are to note, it consists of three syllables, si-mi-le. In English, a likeness.

‡ Not to hurt them.

§ Not like a gun or pistol.

|| This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing,* they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's † everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?

---

* This word is not here to be understood of a bull, but a cloud, which makes a noise like a bull, when it thunders.

† Xanti, a nick-name for Xantippe, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet, with unexampled patience, he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies' pardon if I insert a few passages concerning her; and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present age, who are possessed of the like laudable talents; for I will confess, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked Socrates, how he could bear the scolding of his wife Xantippe? he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geese? Ay, but my geese lay eggs for me, replied his friend; so doth my wife bear children, said Socrates.—*Diog. Laert.*

Being asked at another time, by a friend, how he could bear her tongue? he said, she was of this use to him, that she taught him to bear the impertinences of others with more ease when he went abroad.—*Plat. de Capiend. ex host. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthymedus to supper. Xantippe, in great rage, went in to them, and overset the table. Euthymedus, rising in a passion to go off, My dear friend, stay, said Socrates, did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I shew any resentment?—*Plat. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy, if such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex; but, to shew that I have no such design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse stories to tell of her behaviour to her husband, which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

The clouds about the welkin roam :*
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair :
For all the schemes of their forecasting,†
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark ;
Now with a sudden pouting ‡ gloom
She seems to darken all the room ;
Again she's pleased, his fear's beguiled,§
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,‖
(I hope the simile will strike,)
Though in the darkest dumps¶ you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,**
And frequently produce infection ;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow ;)
The gravest matron †† will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd ;
The pink, the rose, the violet's die,
In that great drawing-room the sky ;

---

* Ramble. † Not vomiting. ‡ Thrusting out the lip.

§ This is to be understood not in the sense of wort, when brewers put yeast or barm in it ; but its true meaning is, deceived or cheated.

‖ Hit your fancy.

¶ Sullen fits. We have a merry jig, called Dumpty-Deary, invented to rouse ladies from the dumps.

** Reflection of the sun. †† Motherly woman.

How do these differ from our Graces,*
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
  The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
  In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
  In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.†
  Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes,‡ like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
  Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
  Thus, on comparison,§ you see,
In every instance they agree;

---

* Not graces before and after meat, nor their graces the duchesses, but the Graces which attended on Venus.

† Not Flanders-lace, but gold and silver lace. By borrowed, I mean such as run into honest tradesmen's debts, for which they were not able to pay, as many of them did for French silver lace, against the last birth-day.—Vid. the shopkeepers' books.

‡ Girls who love to hear themselves prate, and put on a number of monkey-airs to catch men.

§ I hope none will be so uncomplaisant to the ladies as to think these comparisons are odious.

So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim * it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

—o—

AN ANSWER

TO

A SCANDALOUS POEM,

Wherein the Author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their highnesses the Clouds, by comparing them to a woman. Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, *Chief Cape of Howth.*†

BY DR. SWIFT.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS.

N.B.—The following answer to that scurrilous libel against us, should have been published long ago in our own justification: But it was advised, that, considering the high importance of the subject, it should be deferred until the meeting of the General Assembly of the Nation.

[Two passages within crotchets are added to this poem, from a copy found amongst Mr. Swift's papers. It is indorsed, "Quære, should it go." And a little lower, "More, but of no use."]

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?

---

* Tell the whole world; not to proclaim them as robbers and rapparees.

† The highest point of Howth is called the Cape of Howth.—F.

Strange pride and insolence you shew,
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs ?
Alas ! our thunder soon goes out ;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse ?
  We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear ;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
[How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder !
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her :
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.]
  Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps :
But what, alas ! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal ?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches ?
We leave the body sweet and sound ;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
  You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks ;
But women in a cloudy plight,
Foretell a storm to last till night.
  A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers ;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
  When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages ;

But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her :
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her ;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
  For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous ?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together ;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
  Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning ;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair ?
  Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
  To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape ;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more ;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen ;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures ;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors, called *nubigenæ* ;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno ?
  Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him :
A coat we gave him, dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)

With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
  Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide:
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell;
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:

And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
  Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a spunge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
  'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shews his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shews
His brazen face and fiery nose;

And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
  Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
[Observe the case—I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing.
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?

And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.
  But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birth-day beau.
  We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.]

—o—

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.*

TO DR. HELSHAM.†

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.

---

* This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured.—H.

† Richard Helsham, M.D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin. See the preface to Delany on Polygamy.—N

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church* when she grew sick,
And as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales,† whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick:
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

---

* St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was usually performed.—F.

† Vide Grattan, inter Belchamp and Clonshogh.—Dubl. ed.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

—o—

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;

The doctors have made her by rhyme * and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

I was at Howth to-day, and staid abroad a-visiting till just now.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 23, 1731.

" Can you match with me,
" Who send thirty-three?
" You must get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a strong cur." †

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick:

---

* Time.—Dubl. ed.

† The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper.—N.

Last night I came home in a storm that then blew
sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands, that my poor cousin
Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse)
sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.
These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse
sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew
sick.
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view
sick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

—o—

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE

GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT,

VICAR OF LARACOR;

Upon lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

THIS poem was written by Sheridan, who had it presented to the Bishop by a beggar, in the form of a petition, to Swift's great surprise, who was in the carriage with his Lordship at the time.

AN oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging, grown quite grey;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden-platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;

There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
'Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as Doctor Swift?

—o—

AN INVITATION TO DINNER,

FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT.

1727.

I've sent to the ladies * this morning to warn 'em
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnam; †
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella's leanship.‡
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,
That's just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.

---

* Mrs. Johnson [Stella] and her friend Mrs. Dingley.—F.

† A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-house.—F.

‡ Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She died the January following.—F.

My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.*
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We've sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half-an-hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

—o—

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION.

To the Reverend Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D., written with a design to be spoken by her on his arrival at Glassnevin, Dr. Delany having complimented him with a house there. From the London and Dublin Magazine for June, 1735. The lines are probably by Delany or Sheridan.

THOUGH the name of this place may make you to frown,
Your Deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;

* He means Stella, who was certainly one of the most amiable women in the world.—F.

* A glass and no wine, to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;
Be that as it will, your presence can't fail
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can bake.
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed Violante can't shew on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others you know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;
Reflect on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant, without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany,
An housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

—o—

VERSES BY SHERIDAN.

"WHEN he was disengaged, the Dean used to call in at the Doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *tête-à-tête*, and have slices sent them upon plates from the common room, of whatever was for the family

* A pun on *Glassnevin—Glass—ne, no, and* vin, *wine.*

dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the Dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the poem is an account of one of these casual visits."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift.*

When to my house you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives,)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—" Let me—no—let me try—
This turn will open it, I'll engage "—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.

Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out goes its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without a poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay sir,—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vext at that,
Get up, in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can teaze you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel'r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.

If you can relish ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
"You saucy scab—you tell me so!
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it—
Therefore no more but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

POEMS,

COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL.

POEMS,

COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL.

THE Dean's residence at Market-Hill produced some of the most marked specimens of his very peculiar poetical vein. The inimitable poem, entitled, "The Grand Question Debated," is a flash of the same brilliant humour and happy power of assuming and sustaining a feigned character which distinguished Mrs. Betty Harris's petition, and other effusions of the author's earlier days; and which, at length, was too apt to be lost in the trifling and punning intercourse which he maintained in old age with Sheridan and his other friends.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight;
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight;*
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots,
That raised between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.

---

* Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great-grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford, in Scotland.—F.

Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow those stones betwixt;
My spud these neetles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake:
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's * sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug;

---

* Who was a great lover of Scotland.—F.

A longer ha'p'orth* never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door, this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt;
Dennis† was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loused him all a sunshine day:
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch;
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;

---

* Halfpenny-worth.—F.

† Sir Arthur's butler.—F.

Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues* to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins† comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

—o—

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE.‡ 1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight§ full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.

---

* Shoes with flat low heels.—F. † A sort of flummery.—F.

‡ The author of the following poem wrote several other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer, about two or three years ago.

A certain very great person,* then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady in whose house it was written, from whence I know not by what accident several other copies were transcribed full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which run about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented. Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, we have explained them, and put the several explanations in their proper places.—First Edit.

§ Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.—F.

---

* John, Lord Carteret, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, since Earl of Granville, in right of his mother.—F.

This Hamilton's bawn,* while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack† or malt-house, we now must consider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife;
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus;* no company comes
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.‡
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.

---

* A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.—F.

† The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks, which have lately been introduced into this country likewise.—H.

‡ A cant-word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.—F.

But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,* who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.†
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:

---

* My lady's waiting-woman.—F.
† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.—F.

But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hanged, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.'—
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'—
'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
'Good-morrow, good captain'—'I'll wait on you down'—
'You shan't stir a foot'—'You'll think me a clown.'—
'For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther'—
'You must be obey'd—Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.

Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd: pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtseys half way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;

You're heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year ;
If I had expected so worthy a guest'—
'Lord, madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant'—
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'"—
"Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming"—
"No, madam : 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
The dean and the doctor* have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side ;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first ;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table :
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es.*
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
And, 'Madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose ;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes :
G—d d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s ! by their looks, they never keep Lent :
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid :
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band :

---

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.—F.

(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs,* and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny † and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"

---

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.—F.
† Nicknames for my lady.—F.

Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down;"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussey, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains!—
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

—o—

DRAPIER'S-HILL.* 1730.

We give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchased land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-Hill;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-Hill; and intended to build a house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.—F.

His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs * are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's-Hill.

—o—

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount;
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's-Hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind;
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?

---

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier.—F.

But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford * placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour 'cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

---

* Sir Arthur Acheson's great-grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford, in Scotland.—F.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirit's with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding pies.

The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;

Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound;
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine.
It shall be no concern of mine;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

—o—

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.* 1730.

RESOLVED my gratitude to shew,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To shew my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!

---

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.—F.

Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
  My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne of Market-Hill!"
  I thus begin: My grateful Muse
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's* coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;†
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel‡ place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern,

---

* The names of two overseers.—F.
† My lady's footman.—F.
‡ Dr. Daniel, Dean of Down, who wrote several poems.—F.

Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching * next!
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shews you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's† mate;
You next to Dennis‡ bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:

---

* The author preached but once while he was there.—F.
† He sometimes used to direct the butler.—F.
‡ The butler.—F.

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain:
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher's * post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship;
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
  Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak.†
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;

---

* He sometimes used to walk with the lady.—F.

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.—F.

With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan * take every joke.
  I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.†
Poor I, a savage ‡ bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will shew their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,§
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
  But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

---

* The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market Hill.—F.

† In bad weather the author used to direct my lady in her reading.—F.

‡ Lady Acheson was only child of the Right Hon. —— Savage, Esq., Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.—F.

§ Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.—F.

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
  You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
  Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter * never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,†
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:

---

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.—F.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.—H.

Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
  Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
  But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's,
Here pay their vows on bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
  Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;

But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
  Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a-while.
  Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round,
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Where wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
  But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,

Then gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chops, and wagging chin,
Braced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene,
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.*
Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

---

* Virg. Lib. VI.—F.

Me Phœbus* in a midnight dream†
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream,‡
Be humbly-minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;§
With Peggy Dixon‖ thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving shew thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts;¶ nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right;
And Smedley,** flower of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines."

---

* Cynthius aurem vellit. *Hor.*—F.
† Cum somnia vera. *Hor.*—F.
‡ In the bottle to make butter.—F.
‖ The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.—F.
§ Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.—F.
¶ Hæ tibi erunt artes. *Virg.*—F.
** A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited person; a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.—F.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will shew no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Shew your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

—o—

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,

A Dean,* a Spaniard,† and a knight;‡
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy;
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and saved a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here,
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,

---

* Dr. Swift.—F.

† Colonel Henry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.—See note, page 190.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.—F.

And fierce against the Whigs harangued?
You never ventured to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compared with us?
  Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-Hill's * exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-Mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-River walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears; †
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes deprived;
I have a stratagem contrived.
By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well contrived her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah ‡ place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,

---

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's.—F.
† A parody on the phrase, "As brave as his sword."
‡ My lady's waiting-maid.—F.

While tortured madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which, when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault;
The valiant Dennis* you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:†
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then, (let me see,) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.

---

* The butler.—F. † The housekeeper.—F.
‡ The agent.—F.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise,
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

—o—

ROBIN AND HARRY.* 1730.

ROBIN to beggars with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;

---

* A lively account of these two gentlemen occurs in Dr. King's anecdotes, who confirms the peculiarities which Swift has enumerated in the text.

"Mr. Lesley, a very eminent nonjuring clergyman, the author of The Rehearsals, and many other political and controversial tracts, during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, left two sons, with whom I was intimately acquainted. They were both men of good parts and learning; but in their disposition and manners they were so very different, that they did not seem to be of the same family, nor even of the same nation. The elder brother was overbearing and talkative; and, though he was sometimes an agreeable companion, yet he oftener tired and disgusted his company. He was so careless of his private affairs, that he could never be prevailed on to examine his agent's account. I have sometimes jocularly asked him, if he knew the value of our coin, or the real difference between a piece of copper, and a piece of silver of the same weight; for often, when I have been walking with him in the streets, he has given a beggar, who importuned him for a halfpenny, half-a-crown; (for he always gave the first piece that came to his hand;) but not from any principle of charity, but merely from his contempt of money, and to be rid of the beggar's importunity; so that a small number of artful mendicants would often watch his motions, and by this means empty his pockets before he returned home.

"Harry Lesley, the younger brother, who had been a colonel in

And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
  Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
  It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

---

the Spanish army, was grave, modest, and very well bred. He seldom talked of anything which he did not perfectly understand; and he was always heard with pleasure. With an estate worth about £500 per annum, he made a good figure, kept a very hospitable table, and was universally esteemed by all his neighbours and acquaintance; for he was a gentleman of great honour, and probity, and goodness of heart. In his last sickness he ordered his manuscripts to be sent to me; amongst which are many Essays, which are worthy of being offered to the public."—Vide *Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times*, p. 137, 138, 139, 140.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach-and-six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound:
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

—o—

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728.

GOOD cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung;
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-Hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;

All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-Hill been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penhurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

—o—

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-Hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—"Why let him if he will:"
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we see him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
  In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
  And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—" My wife intends,
  Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
  And, sir, I know you hate a crowd."

Or, " Mr. Dean—I should with joy
  Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy ;*
  Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising ;
  So much his stay doth swell the bills :
My dearest life, it is surprising,
  How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
  And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
  His horses too eat all our hay.

O ! if I could, how I would maul
  His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
  And make him soon give up the cause !

---

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq., in the county of Tyrone.—F.

Must I be every moment chid
With * *Skinnybonia*, *Snipe*, and *Lean?*
O! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant Dean!

—o—

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL.

Frail glass! thou mortal art as well as I;
Though none can tell which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

---

* The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.—F.

—o—

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN, AT MARKET-HILL.* 1727.

At Market-Hill, as well appears
  By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
  A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
  And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
  Secure from satyrs sat and sung.

Sir Archibald,† that valorous knight,
  The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
  For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
  Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
  Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.‡)

---

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur, who was, of course, highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect.—Anderson.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.—F.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends of Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.—F.

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
  Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
  Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
  Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
  Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
  Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
  She scarce recover'd in a week.

The sylvan powers, with fear perplexed,
  In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
  Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
  Stood chattering with incessant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock,
  To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
  The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
  To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
  To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
  All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
  (If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
  Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
  The thorn committed to her care,
Received its last and deadly wound,
  She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
  First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
  This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
  Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
  Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
  That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
  And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, Lord Arthur,* shalt escape;
  To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
  Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
  Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
  (An old retainer to your house:)

---

* Sir Arthur Acheson.—F.

"May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was formed this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caitiff! think on me."

—o—

EPITAPH,

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S*
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teazed day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
  Before he came here,
To spunge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.

---

* Lady Acheson.

When my elbow he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
A useless machine.
  If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him,
In stomach or limb.
  But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,

He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick:
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
  Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person.
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers prolix
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
  Now changing the scene,
But still to the Dean;
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;

Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them,
Can ever be handsome.
  I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear;
"That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
  And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a-day.

The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
[To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster,
And leave you to choose
The books you peruse.*]
  Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confined.
  But while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,

---

* Added from the Dean's manuscript.

Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.
[He little believes
How they laugh in their sleeves.]
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
[Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits
In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto.]
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
  But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter,
To his arbour for shelter,

Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
  Dear friend, Doctor Jinny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM, NOV. 30, 1736.

TO you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.

Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do——'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.
  Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day;
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
  With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition;

Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.
  I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.
  Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
  In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
  I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
  Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

—o—

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.*

  While I the godlike men of old,
  In admiration wrapt, behold;
  Revered antiquity explore,
  And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;

* Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at the time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment

Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine;
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift revived appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Iërne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

—o—

ON DR. SWIFT. 1733.

No pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

THE Dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II.

O Genius of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store!
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

IV.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.

BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean:
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you;
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.

I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle ;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
" His joy is, to relieve the poor ;
Behold them weekly at his door !
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shews wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes ;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation ;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose ;
" Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name :
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws ;
He's now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends :

"Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

—o—

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.*

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon's colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:

* Created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766.

He only breathes Bœotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"
  Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
  Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
  Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce.

Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due,
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
  Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung,
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
  Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,

And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
  So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

—o—

ON THE DRAPIER.

BY DR. DUNKIN.*

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

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* See the translation of Carberiæ Rupes, in Vol. XIV. p. 174. In the Select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, published at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birth-day, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterwards lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

> "Or if, when this book shall be offered to sale,
> Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
> To make over the issues and profits accruing
> From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
> Provided he first to the poet will send it,
> That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."—N.

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT.

1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P., HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARUM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
TRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QUIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

—o—

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN.

1745.

Two geniuses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!

Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defaced,
Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstition's sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

—o—

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

WHEN wasteful death has closed the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse;
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end;*
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;

Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spared, to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could, unpain'd, another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundiced eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
And in its scope embraced all human kind;
Sharp not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions shew'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
  Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injured merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.
  O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim.)
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found.
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?

Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread.*
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but survived to hear,
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supplied,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthly particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope, harmonious, joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too, (no more to forms confined,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind,)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.

---

* The first of these couplets certainly applies to the Earl of Ossory; the second, perhaps, to Faulkner.

Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

—o—

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH.

WHILE the Dean with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove, how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college:
How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste:
While thus he behaves, with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
And wants neither Temple's assistance, nor Boyle's;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
—Would you think it?—he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME.

THE following elegant lines were enclosed in a letter from Mr. Pulteney, (afterwards Earl of Bath,) to Swift, in which he says—"You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme,—*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"

DULCE, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
  Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer :
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
  Quò nova vis animi, materiesque rapit ?
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
  Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
  Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
  Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
  Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit ;
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
  Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS.

SWIFT, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense ;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.
To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune, their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget?
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two SWIFTS or WALPOLES in one family.

—o—

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES

LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF AND INFIRM.

From the London and Dublin Magazine for June, 1735.

THY mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells, us, is abused by *asses*.

ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT.

[Ornamented with an Engraving of the Dean, by Vertue.]

In a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sate musing alone thus of late,
"Two volumes are done—it is time for the plate;
Yes, time to be sure;—but on whom shall I call
To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I'm pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will—the copper is bought."
Apollo o'erheard, (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press;)
And pleased, he replied, "Honest George, you are right,
The thought was my own, howsoe'er you came by't.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
'Tis Vertue alone can design us a Swift."

—o—

EPIGRAM

ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

A sore disease this scribbing itch is!
His Lordship, in his Pliny seen,*
Turns Madam Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our Patriot Dean.

---

* Lord Orrery translated the letters of the younger Pliny.

What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
  Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
  For what he writes George Faulkner prints.

Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
  Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
  He built an hospital—for fools.

—o—

TO DOCTOR DELANY,

ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS."

DELANY, to escape your friend the Dean,
  And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
  Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.

But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
  And please the world, one way you may succeed
Collect Boyle's writings and your own,
  And serve them as you served THE DEED.

—o—

EPIGRAM

On Faulkner's displaying in his shop the Dean's bust in marble, (now placed in the great aisle of St. Patrick's church,) while he was publishing Lord Orrery's Remarks.

FAULKNER! for once you have some judgment shewn,
By representing Swift transform'd to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

—o—

AN INSCRIPTION,

Intended for a compartment in Dr. Swift's monument, designed by Cunningham, on College Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

—o—

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend ;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend :
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny ;
That loss Ierne's laurel shall supply :
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread ;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

W. B. J. N.

1766.

SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

SWIFT's familiar correspondence has been always accounted a most valuable part of his works. He used to say of himself, that when he began a letter he never leaned on his elbow till he had finished it. In other words, his style is free from that over-care which, in many instances, render the letters of professed authors as stiff and pedantic as if composed for the eye of the public. In those of the Dean, we see his mind in undress, and his opinions exposed with the open freedom due to the sincerity of friendship.

The Dean's regularity in his private affairs extended itself to the preservation of his familiar letters; and at the end of his accounts of personal expense for the year, he frequently added a list of the letters he had written and received.

The value of this correspondence to the public is well expressed by Hawkesworth. "In a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of business, the jollity of their social meetings, and the sport of their fancy in the sweet intervals of leisure and retirement; we see the scene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleasures that are past, and friends that are dead; they complain of disappointment and infirmity; they are conscious that the sands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the last, it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connections, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity, and the parallel in what has been is carried on with such force to what

shall be, that the future almost becomes present, and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

"These letters will therefore contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a just estimate of life; and for that reason, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public."

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENDALL.*

Moor-Park, Feb. 11, 1691–2.

SIR,

IF anything made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which, indeed, grew less upon knowing the occasion; since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hinderance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter.

* Vicar of Thornton, in Leicestershire.

I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world.—How all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand,* you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it which a great person of honour † in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love, or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way: and I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take sober resolu-

* This was a certain Betty Jones, to whom Swift's mother apprehended he would form an imprudent attachment. She afterwards married an innkeeper in Loughborough. See a letter from Swift to Dr. Worrall, 18th January, 1728–9.

† His early patron, Lord Berkeley.—N.

tions, or, as now, to think of entering into the Church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps, in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for, though the people is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which I assure you is a great number,) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity, by an overacting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, frighten me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces

those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name.* I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I contented myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am, good cousin,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.†

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691–2.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE everybody pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the

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* This sentence is very inaccurate; it ought to be either "and I hope my carriage will be *such* as," &c., or, "and I hope *to carry* myself *so* as *that* my friends need not be ashamed of the name." If the noun be used, it should have its corresponding pronoun; if the verb, its adverb.—S.

† This letter seems written to introduce the Ode to the Athenian Society, which the reader will find, Vol. XIV. p. 23, and in a note on the same page, some account of the association to which it was addressed.

rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half-a-year ago,) I heard only a loose talk of your society; and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce anything extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago, passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there, first shewed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place, upon a visit to Sir William Temple, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes with their supplements; which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find enclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the ode enclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to inure it for a greater light;) and they have all been pleased to tell me, that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume, (which I think is soon to be published;) it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets: and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat, therefore, one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shewn upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars in being favourable to the ignorant; so, I am sure,

nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am, gentlemen, your ever most humble, and most admiring servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. WILLIAM SWIFT.*

Moor-Park, Nov. 29, 1692.

SIR,

MY sister has told me you was pleased (when she was here) to wonder I did so seldom write to you. I hope you have been so kind to impute it neither to ill manners or disrespect. I always have thought that sufficient from one who has always been but too troublesome to you. Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence; and God knows so very private a life as mine, can furnish a letter with little else, for I often am two or three months without seeing anybody besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my *testimonium*;† and it is to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many substantial favours, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. I am not to take orders‡ till the

* The uncle of the author.

† For the certificate of his degree, in consequence of which he was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford, June 14, 1692.—D. S.

‡ It may be observed from this passage, that he does not speak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle.—D. S.

king gives me a prebend; and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish,* because (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him,† and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him. If I were affording entertainment, or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am sorry my fortune should fling me so far from the best of my relations; but hope that I shall have the happiness to see you some time or other. Pay my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.‡

Leicester, June 3, 1694.

I RECEIVED your kind letter to-day from your sister; and am very glad to find you will spare time from business so far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendship, which, as the world passes, is perhaps one of the idlest things in it. It is a pleasure to me to see you sally out of your road, and take notice of curiosities, of which I am very glad to have part, and desire you to set by some idle minutes for a commerce which shall ever be dear to me, and, from so good an observer as

* Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and Sir William Temple in 1694.—D. S.

† Which at last was the cause of much anger in Sir William Temple.—D. S.

‡ A cousin of Dr. Swift's, then at Lisbon.

you may easily be, cannot fail of being useful. I am sorry to see so much superstition in a country so given to trade; I have used to think those two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly dislike your processions for rain or fair weather, which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuse a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unless she were a duenna, I shall never be reconciled to; though it is easily observed that nations which have most gallantry to the young, are ever the severest upon the old. I have not leisure to descant farther upon your pleasing letter, nor anything to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby;* and the last favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment; but the thought of my sending so many before, has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him, and that you will endeavour to persuade him how extremely sensible of his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you; and everything happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extremely angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any farther than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise anything firmly to me at all; so that everybody judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained in September next, and make what endeavours I can for something in

* A very considerable merchant at Lisbon.—D. S.

the church. I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or yours to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If anything offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you constant intelligence from thence of whatever you shall desire. I am,

Your affectionate cousin and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.*

Dublin, Oct. 6, 1694.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

THAT I might not continue the many troubles I have given you, I have all this while avoided one which I fear proves necessary at last. I have taken all due methods to be ordained, and one time of ordination is already elapsed since my arrival for effecting it. Two or three bishops, acquaintance of our family, have signified to me and them, that after so long standing in the University, it is admired I have not entered upon something or other, (above half the clergy in this town being my juniors,)

* This very curious letter was, according to Mr. Nicol, transcribed from the original; indorsed by Mrs. Temple, "Swift's Penitential Letter;" copied by Dr. Shipman, late fellow of All-Souls College, Oxford, and rector of Compton near Winchester, who was a relation to Sir William Temple. It is a painful circumstance to reflect how much the haughty mind of Swift must have been bent, ere he could humble himself to solicit an attestation of good conduct from a patron so selfish and cold-hearted as, in this instance, Sir William Temple unfortunately approved himself.

and that it being so many years since I left this kingdom, they could not admit me to the ministry without some certificate of my behaviour where I lived; and my Lord Archbishop of Dublin was pleased to say a great deal of this kind to me yesterday; concluding against all I had to say, that he expected I should have a certificate from your honour of my conduct in your family. The *sence* I am in, how low I am fallen in your honour's thoughts, has *denied* me assurance enough to beg this favour, till I find it impossible to avoid: and I entreat your honour to understand, that no person is admitted here to a living, without some knowledge of his abilities for it: which it being reckoned impossible to judge in those who are not ordained, the usual method is to admit men first to some small reader's place, till, by preaching upon occasions, they can *value* themselves for better preferment. This (without great friends) is so general, that if I were fourscore years old I must go the same way, and should at that age be told, every one must have a beginning. I entreat that your honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say anything to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any farther than for *infirmities*.*

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* He possibly alludes to some deficiencies of temper, which fitted him ill to play the part of an humble companion.

This is all I dare beg at present from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish, (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family,) is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, Your honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant,

JON. SWIFT.

P.S.—I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honour's lady and sister.—The ordination is appointed by the archbishop by the beginning of November; so that, if your honour will not grant this favour immediately, I fear it will come too late.

—o—

TO VARINA.*

April 29, 1696.

MADAM,

IMPATIENCE is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business.

* Jane, sister to Mr. Waryng, Swift's chamber-fellow at college. —This letter was first printed in Mr. George Monck Berkeley's Literary Relics, 1789.

Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5000 years using us ill. Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villain if I have not been poring this half hour over the paper, merely for want of something to say to you:—or is it rather that I have so much

to say to you, that I know not where to begin, though at last 'tis all very likely to be arrant repetition?

Two strangers, a poet and a beggar, went to cuffs yesterday in this town, which minded me to curse heartily both employments. However, I am glad to see those two trades fall out, because I always heard they had been constant cronies: but what was best of all, the poet got the better, and kicked the gentleman beggar out of doors. This was of great comfort to me, till I heard the victor himself was a most abominable bad rhymer, and as mere a vagabond beggar as the other, which is a very great offence to me; for starving is much too honourable for a blockhead. I read some of his verses printed in praise of my Lady Donegal, by which he has plainly proved that Fortune has injured him, and that he is dunce enough to be worth five thousand pounds a-year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies will hold him long in suspense with their unkindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival, than the devil himself if he was rich.

You have now had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My Lady Donegal tells me that it is feared my Lord Deputy will not live many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his excellency, hasten to England:

and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here, will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please till my affairs are settled to your desire: and in the meantime I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by Heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and put-offs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore perhaps you are more loth to part with it as an older acquaintance: but listen to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to Heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven! The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning! It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so

then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for the want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege? How comes it that they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you anything that might cross your interest or your happiness?

Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? Trust me, Varina, Heaven has given us nothing else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing, for ever losing, irrecoverably losing, to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humour. These are the unhappy encumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to human life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced, and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve.

We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no help from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning, is a strain of self-denial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue: but when they are grounded at first upon reason, when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, 'tis folly—folly as well as injustice, to withstand their dictates; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes; and 'tis as possible to err in the excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should both have been infinitely happy. The little disguises, and affected contradictions of your sex, were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open!—No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper, though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam; and may love make you a while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours.

JON. SWIFT.

I have here sent you Mr. Fletcher's letter, wherein I hope I do not injure generosity or break trust, since the contents are purely my own concern. If you will pardon the ill hand and spelling, the reason and sense of it you will find very well and proper.

TO MRS. JANE SWIFT.*

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from Robert by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We courtiers.* Loory is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant; but he is the miserablest creature in the world, eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. Kilby,† in payment of hers by Robert.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber floor and Tumble-down Dick. Here are three letters for you, and Molly will not send one of them; she says you ordered her to the contrary; Mr. Mose ‡ and I desire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert says the Czar § is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to Muscovy;

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* The Doctor's sister. But the address is blank in the original, and was filled up by Mr. Deane Swift by conjecture. There is an air of gallantry in the letter, which makes it more likely that it was addressed to Stella. She certainly resided at Moor-Park, but it is not known that Swift's sister ever did.

† Kilby was the name of a family in Dublin. It was erroneously printed Filby, in former editions.

‡ Steward to Sir William Temple, after whose death he married Mrs. Johnson, Stella's sister.

§ Peter the Great was then in England.

pray, provide yourself with muffs and sable tippets, &c.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks' nests, but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily, for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or, &c. You shall have no more ale here unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from London. We all keep home like so many cats. JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. WINDER,*

PREBENDARY OF KILROOT.

[TO BE LEFT AT BELFAST, IN THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM, IRELAND.]

Moor-Park, Jan. 13, 1698–9.

I AM not likely to be so pleased with anything again this good while, as I was with your letter of December 20, and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at least my skill at negotiation, to find I have so quickly restored a

* This gentleman was Swift's immediate successor in the Prebend of Kilroot. In 1714, (according to Mr. Nicol,) he printed a sermon, which he preached at St. Mary's, Dublin, May 30, 1714, "On the Mischief of Faction to Church and State." Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Mr. Winder, was mother to the first Lord Macartney.

correspondence that I feared was declining, as it requires more charms and address in women to revive one fainting flame, than to kindle a dozen new ones; but I assure you I was very far from imputing your silence to any bad cause, (having never entertained one single ill thought of you in my life,) but to a custom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people after a long absence. At first, one omits writing for a little while, and then one stays a while longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all: At this rate I have served others, and have been served myself.

I wish I had a Lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be spelled and accented right; and I am very sorry you have made an *acutum in ultima*, as if you laid the greatest stress upon the worst part of the word. However, I protest against your meaning, or any interpretation you shall ever make of that nature out of my letters. If I thought you deserved any bitter words, I should either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for I esteem the custom of conveying one's resentments by hints or innuendoes, to be a sign of malice, or fear, or too little sincerity: but I have told you *coram et absens*, that you are in your nature more sensible than you need be, and it is hard you cannot be satisfied with the esteem of the best among your neighbours, but lose your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and distance. I wish you could as easily make my esteem and friendship for you to be of any value, as you may be sure to command them.

I should be sorry if you have been at an inconvenience in hastening my accounts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourself; for I think I desired more than

once that you would not make more dispatch than stood with your ease, because I was in no haste at all.

I desired of you two or three times that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me: The reason was, that I did believe there was one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth the carriage: Of the latter sort were an old musty Horace, and Foley's book: of the former were Reynolds's Works, Collection of Sermons, in 4to, Stillingfleet's Grounds, &c., and the folio paper book, very good for sermons, or a receipt-book for your wife, or to keep accounts for mutton, raisins, &c. The *Sceptis Scientifica* is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbs's, and I wish it were restored: He has Temple's *Miscellanea* instead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If *Sceptis Scientifica* comes to me, I'll burn it for a fustian piece of abominable curious virtuoso stuff. The books missing are few and inconsiderable, not worth troubling anybody about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have sent your cargo, that you may keep those books I mention; and desire you will write my name, and *ex dono* before them in large letters.*

I desire my humble service to Mrs. Winder, and that you will let her know I shall pay a visit at Carmony some day or other, how little soever any of you may think of it. But I will, as you desire, excuse you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family

* A circumstance, which, should they now occur at a sale, would render the copies of no ordinary value.

that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchases. I never heard that H. Clements was dead: I was at his mayoral feast: Has he been mayor since? or did he die then, and everybody forget to send me word of it?

Those sermons you have thought fit to transcribe will utterly disgrace you, unless you have so much credit that whatever comes from you will pass: They were what I was firmly resolved to burn, and especially some of them the idlest trifling stuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company or a roof, like our ******* Oxford. They will appear a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look upon them, and remember they are mine.

I remember those letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth; you might have sealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them: Pray burn them. There were parcels of other papers, that I would not have lost; and I hope you have packed them up so that they may come to me. Some of them were abstracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover;* but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me; and when you have leisure and humour, give me the pleasure of a letter from you: And though you are a man full of fastenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendship in absence; for who knows but fate may jumble us together again? And I believe, had I been assured of your neighbourhood, I should not

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* Probably Swift alludes to some new admirer of Varina. He seems to submit to his lot with rather more than becoming patience.

have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in. I am, and will be ever entirely,

Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

P.S.—Pray let me know something of my debt being paid to Tailer, the inkeeper of ——; I have forgot the town ——, between Dromore and Newry.

—o—

MRS. JANE SWIFT, TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

May 26, 1699.

MY poor brother has lost his best friend Sir William Temple, who was so fond of him whilst he lived, that he made him give up his living* in this country, to stay with him at Moor-Park: and promised to get him one in England. But death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living!

* The prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor.

—o—

TO MISS JANE WARYNG.*

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

MADAM,

I AM extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required it; however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments, to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer

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* In this second letter to Varina there is a marked alteration of style and address; and it is written in the terms of one rather willing to escape from a connection of the kind, which appears to have subsisted between her and the writer, than to draw it any closer. Indeed there are expressions which seem to put their union on a footing so humiliating for the lady, that scarce an individual of the sex could have for a moment dreamed of acquiescing in a proposal conveyed in such terms.

from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover: but I have since observed in abundance of your letters, such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked, in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy, in a married state. I think it comes to almost a hundred pounds a-year; and I think, at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation: neither have all your

letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings * I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton † lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot; the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close, and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part ‡ will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will, before that time, persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of

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* Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.—F.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, when one of the lords justices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, which had been previously promised to Dr. Swift: but Mr. Bush, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons best known to himself, laid Dr. Swift aside, unless he would pay him a large sum; which the Doctor refused with the utmost contempt and scorn.—F.

‡ The Earl of Berkeley, Swift's patron, was then one of the lords justices.

me in that case, than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hinderance to you, if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no hinderance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me, was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued; that you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you: That, if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: That, had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a-year? have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? can you bend

your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ———? have you so much good-nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown, be more welcome than courts or cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep-read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life: and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own: though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without ———, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DERRY.*

Dublin Castle, July 16, 1700.

My Lord,

I was several times to wait on your lordship at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or so engaged, that I could not be permitted the honour to attend you. I have an humble request to your lordship, that you will please to excuse me if I cannot be at the triennial visitation; for my lord † and lady continually residing at the Lodge, I am obliged to a constant attendance there. I am, with all respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
Jon. Swift.

—o—

TO THE REV. DR. TISDALL.‡

London, Dec. 16, 1703.

I put great violence on myself, in abstaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wish

* Dr. William King, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

† The Earl of Berkeley.

‡ The singular circumstances of Tisdall's proposal to Stella have been sufficiently canvassed in the preliminary life of our author. This letter was written when he was unwilling to have the appearance of discountenancing addresses which we cannot suppose him desirous should succeed. In a subsequent letter to the same person, we shall find him vindicating himself from a charge of dissimulation in this particular.

you had been here for ten days, during the highest and warmest reign of party and faction, that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill against occasional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the first reading, rejected by the Lords.* It was so universal, that I observed the dogs in the streets much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of Whig and Tory cats had a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our house. But why should we wonder at that, when the very ladies are split asunder into high-church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to say their prayers? The masks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member who will not vote on their side. For the rest, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the House of Commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the Lords, among whom all the bishops but four were against it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know men's thoughts of it in Ireland; for myself, I am much at a loss, though I was mightily urged by some great people to publish my opinion. I cannot but think (if men's highest assurances are to be believed,) that several, who were against this bill, do love the church, and do hate or despise presbytery. I put it close to my Lord Peterborough, just as the bill was going up, who assured me in the most solemn manner, that if

* The bill against occasional conformity, a favourite measure with the Tories, as tending to enforce the Test-act, against even those dissenters who were willing, occasionally, to take the sacrament according to the ritual of the church, was revived with great keenness in 1703, and carried in the House of Commons, but thrown out by the Lords. The debates on both sides were conducted with great spirit and ability.

he had the least suspicion the rejecting this bill would hurt the church, or do kindness to the dissenters, he would lose his right hand rather than speak against it. The like profession I had from the Bishop of Salisbury,* my Lord Somers, and some others; so that I know not what to think, and therefore shall think no more; and you will forgive my saying so much on a matter that all our heads have been so full of, to a degree, that, while it was on the anvil, nothing else was the subject of conversation. I shall return in two months, in spite of my heart. I have here the best friends in nature, only want that little circumstance of favour and power; but nothing is so civil as a cast courtier. Pray let the ladies† know I had their letter, and will answer it soon; and that I obeyed Mrs. Johnson's commands, and waited on her mother, and other friend. You may add, if you please, that they advise her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her lease, and she may have her mortgage taken up here whenever she pleases, for the payment of her fine; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and she likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: It is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you, "Madam, there's *a bite*." I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great

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* The celebrated Gilbert Burnet. He headed the small majority of bishops who voted against the bill.

† Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 3, 1703–4.

I AM content you should judge the order of friendship you are in with me by writing to you, and accordingly you will find yourself the first after the ladies; * for I never write to any other, either friend or relation, till long after. I cannot imagine what paragraph you mean in my former, that was calculated for lord primate: † or how you could shew it him without being afraid he might expect to see the rest.‡ But I will take better methods another time, and you shall never, while you live, receive a syllable from me fit to be shewn to a lord primate, unless it be yourself. Montaigne was angry to see his Essays lie in the parlour window, and therefore wrote a chapter that forced the ladies to keep it in their closets. After some such manner, I shall henceforth use you in my letters, by making them fit to be seen by none but yourself.

I am extremely concerned to find myself unable to persuade you into a true opinion of your own

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* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

† Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

‡ Tisdall probably alluded to the passage in Swift's letter, which mentioned the professions made by Lord Peterborough, the Bishop of Salisbury, Lord Somers, and others, of their zeal for the church, and he might think the lighter part of the letter too jocular for the primate's eye, the subject considered.

littleness, nor make you treat me with more distance and respect; and the rather, because I find all your little pretensions are owing to the credit you pretend with two ladies who came from England. I allow indeed the chamber in William Street to be Little England by their influence; as an ambassador's house, wherever it is, hath all the privileges of his master's dominions; and, therefore, if you wrote the letter in their room, or their company, (for in this matter their room is as good as their company,) I will indulge you a little. Then, for the Irish legs you reproach me with, I defy you. I had one indeed when I left your island; but that which made it Irish is spent and evaporate, and I look upon myself now as upon a new foot. You seem to talk with great security of your establishment near the ladies; though, perhaps, if you knew what they say of you in their letters to me, you would change your opinion both of them and yourself.—*A bite.*—And now you talk of a bite, I am ashamed of the ladies' being caught by you, when I had betrayed you, and given them warning.———I had heard before of the choking, but never of the jest in the church; you may find from thence that women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stocking after another, and no more.—But if she be good at blunders, she is as ready at come-offs; and to pretend her senses were gone, was a very good argument she had them about her. You seem to be mighty proud (as you have reason, if it be true,) of the part you have in the ladies' good graces, especially of her you call *the party.* I am very much concerned to know it; but, since it is an evil I cannot remedy, I will tell you a story. A cast mistress went to her rival, and expostulated with her for robbing her of her lover. After a long quarrel, finding no good to be done—"Well," says

the abdicated lady, "keep him, and **** *** ** **** ****."—"No," says the other, "that will not be altogether so convenient; however, to oblige you, I will do something that is very near it."—*Dixi.**

I am mightily afraid the ladies are very idle, and do not mind their book. Pray, put them upon reading; and be always teaching something to Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering, and retaining. I wonder she could be so wicked as to let the first word she could speak, after choking, be a pun. I differ from you; and believe the pun was just coming up, but met with the crumbs, and so, struggling for the wall, could neither of them get by, and at last came both out together.

It is a pleasant thing to hear you talk of Mrs. Dingley's blunders, when she has sent me a list with above a dozen of yours, that have kept me alive, and I hope will do so till I have them again from the fountain-head. I desire Mrs. Johnson only to forbear punning after the Finglas rate when Dilly† was at home.

I thank you for your bill, which was a cunning piece of civility to prevent me from wanting. However, I shall buy hats for you and Tom Leigh; for I have lately a bill of twenty pounds sent me for myself, and shall take up ten more here. I saw Tom Leigh's brother in the Court of Requests, and, knowing him to be your friend, I talked with him; and we will take some occasion to drink your

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* In the indifference affectedly expressed by this coarse humour, Swift was probably not more serious than Hamlet, in the jests which he breaks upon Ophelia.

† The Rev. Dillon Ashe, a celebrated punster. See the Art of Punning.

health together, and Tom Leigh's. I will not buy you any pamphlets, unless you will be more particular in telling me their names or their natures, because they are usually the vilest things in nature. Leslie has written several of late, violent against presbyterians and low-churchmen. If I had credit enough with you, you should never write but upon some worthy subject, and with long thought. But I look upon you as under a terrible mistake, if you imagine you cannot be enough distinguished without writing for the public. Preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, preach; that is certainly your talent; and you will some years hence have time enough to be a writer. I tell you what I am content you should do: choose any subject you please, and write for your private diversion, or by way of trial; but be not hasty to write for the world. Besides, who that has a spirit would write in such a scene as Ireland?—You and I will talk an hour on these matters. [Pox on the dissenters and independents! I would as soon trouble my head to write against a louse or a flea. I tell you what; I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity; but it came too late by a day, so I would not print it. But you may answer it if you please; for you know you and I are Whig and Tory. And, to cool your insolence a little, know that the Queen and Court, and House of Lords, and half the Commons almost, are Whigs; and the number daily increases.*]

I desire my humble service to the primate, whom I have not written to, having not had opportunity to perform that business he employed me in; but shall soon, now the days are longer. We are all

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* The lines included in these hooks were printed in one of the early editions, and there called "Part of a Letter."

here in great impatience at the King of Spain's delay, who yet continues in the Isle of Wight.*

My humble service to Dean Ryves, Dilly, Jones, and other friends. And I assure you nobody can possibly be more, or I believe is half so entirely, yours, as

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.†

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was *unfriendly*, *unkind*, and *unaccountable*. The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one; saving (as Captain Fluellin says, the phrase is) *a little variation*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it you again by these presents, assuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one

* The Archduke Charles, who then assumed the title of King of Spain, and was wind-bound at the Isle of Wight, in his way to conquer that kingdom.

† This is the remarkable letter in which Swift vindicates himself from alleged ambiguity of conduct between Tisdall and Stella. The reader will of course form his own opinion, but it seems obvious that Swift, if he abstained from prejudicing Tisdall in the opinion of the lady, shewed at least no great anxiety that he should be successful. The refutation of the charge is written with more good humour than might have been expected from Swift's temper on such an occasion.

strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of way, as if you would have me believe I had some great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, "that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live," &c. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations, to please my own, and that my intentions were the same as yours. In answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that, if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice: because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world: and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present; overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make me leave, under her own or her friend's hand; which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But, the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, pre-

vail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself, whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence, that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those, who would be discouraging;* and must add, that though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland, I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs, and would have farther intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement; the reverse of which has been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to con-

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* Looking, however, at the mention of Tisdall, which occurs in the Journal and elsewhere, it seems remarkable that Swift always couples it with some circumstances of personal disparagement.

tinue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.*

Trim, Dec. 31, 1704.

MY LORD,

I DID intend to have waited on your grace before you went for England; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the first opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes' interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other design than that of serving you. I believe your grace may have heard, that I was in England last winter, when the dean and chapter of Christ Church had, I think, with great wisdom and discretion, chosen a most malicious, ignorant, and headstrong creature to represent them: wherein your grace cannot justly tax their prudence, since the cause † they are engaged in is not otherwise to be

* Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin, with whom our author constantly maintained correspondence, more or less amicable, according to circumstances, until the prelate's death in 1729.

† A lawsuit between the Archbishop of Dublin and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin, about his right of visiting them, which was given in favour of his grace.—F.

supported. And I do assure your grace, (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you,) that they have not been without success. For not only the general run in Doctors Commons was wholly on their side, which my Lord Bishop of Cloyne* observed as well as I; but that little instrument of theirs did use all his power, to misrepresent your grace, and your cause, both in town and city, as far as his narrow sphere could reach. And he spared not to say, that your grace had personal resentment against him; that you sought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember at a great man's table, who has as much influence in England as any subject can well have, after dinner came in a master in chancery, whom I had before observed to be a principal person in Doctors Commons, when your grace's cause was there debating; and, upon occasion of being there, fell into discourse of it, wherein he seemed wholly an advocate for Christ Church! for all his arguments were only a chain of misinformations, which he had learned from the same hand; insomuch that I was forced to give a character of some persons, which otherwise I should have spared, before I could set him right, as I also did in the affair of the late Dean of Derry,† which had been told with so many falsehoods and disadvantages to your grace, as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly presume to say thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudices that have been given, you may more easily remove them, which your presence will infallibly do.

I would also beg of your grace to use some of your credit toward bringing to a good issue the promise the queen made, at my Lord Bishop of Cloyne's intercession, to remit the first-fruits and

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* Dr. Charles Crow, 1702–1726. † Dr. Bolton.

tenths of the clergy; unless I speak ignorantly, for want of information, and that it be a thing already done. But what I would mind your grace of is, that the crown-rent should be added, which is a great load upon many poor livings, and would be a considerable help to others. And I am confident, with some reason, that it would be easily granted; being, I hear, under a thousand pounds a-year, and the queen's grant for England being so much more considerable than ours can be at best. I am very certain, that, if the Bishop of Cloyne had continued to solicit it in England, it would easily have passed; but, his lordship giving it up wholly to the Duke of Ormond,* I believe it has not been thought of so much as it ought. I humbly beg your grace's pardon for the haste and hurry of this, occasioned by that of the post, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your blessing, and praying to God for your good voyage, success, and return, I humbly kiss your grace's hands, and remain, my lord,

Your grace's obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF BERKELEY.†

Cranford, Friday night, 1706–7.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for, upon my sincerity, which is more

* Then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

† To whom, as often mentioned, Swift was chaplain, while his lordship was one of the lords justices of Ireland.

than most people's, I shall be heartily glad to see you as much as possible before you go to Ireland. Whether you are or are not for Cranford, I earnestly entreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookseller enable the Archbishop of York to give a book to the queen;* for, with Mr. Nelson, I am entirely of opinion, that her majesty's reading of that book of the Project for the Increase of Morality and Piety, may be of very great use to that end.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Feb. 5, 1707–8.

My Lord,

I have been above a month expecting the representation your grace was pleased to promise to send me, which makes me apprehend your grace has been hindered by what you complained of, the clergy's backwardness in a point so very necessary to their service: and it is time ill lost at this juncture, while my lord-lieutenant † is here, and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to serve the church in Ireland. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I shall think of my return to Ireland against the

* This alludes to our author's "Project for the Advancement of Religion, and Reformation of Manners." Dr. Sterne, the Archbishop of York here mentioned, was not so zealous in commending the author of this tract to the queen's notice, as he was afterwards in representing the writer of the Tale of a Tub as unworthy of church promotion.

† The Earl of Pembroke.

25th of March, to endeavour to be chosen to the living of St. Nicholas, as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return, at a week's warning, to solicit that affair with my lord-lieutenant while he stays here, or in any other manner your grace will please to direct.

Your grace knows long before this, that Dr. Milles * is Bishop of Waterford. The court and Archbishop of Canterbury † were strongly engaged for another person, not much suspected in Ireland, any more than the choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houses are still busy in Lord Peterborow's affair, which seems to be little more than an amusement, which it is conceived might at this time be spared, considering how slow we are said to be in our preparations; which, I believe, is the only reason why it was talked the other day about the town, as if there would be soon a treaty of peace. There is a report of my Lord Galway's death, but it is not credited.‡ It is a perfect jest to see my Lord Peterborow, reputed as great a Whig as any in England, abhorred by his own party, and caressed by the Tories.§

The great question, whether the number of men in Spain and Portugal, at the time of the battle of Almanza, was but 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on Tuesday in the affirma-

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* Dr. Thomas Milles, Bishop of Waterford, 1707–1740.

† Dr. Thomas Tenison.

‡ He was wounded at the battle of Almanza.

§ There was an inquiry into the Earl of Peterborow's conduct while in Spain, then depending; and that gallant general was desirous it should be parliamentary. But the documents he produced before the Houses were so amply satisfactory, that all investigation was dropped before any specific resolution could be proposed.

tive, against the court, without a division, which was occasioned by Sir Thomas Hanmer's oratory. It seems to have been no party question, there being many of both glad and sorry for it. The court has not been fortunate in their questions this session; and I hear some of both parties expressing contrary passions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to make reflections; and if I were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly people are subdivided.

I am, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient

And most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.*

London, Feb. 12, 1707–8.

HAVING written what I had of business about three posts ago, (whereof I wait an answer,) perhaps it may be some amusement to you for a few minutes to hear some particulars about the turns we have had at court. Yesterday the seals were taken from Mr. Harley, and Sir Thomas Mansel gave up his staff. They went to Kensington together for that

* This letter narrates the result of the artful scheme laid by Robert Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, with the assistance of Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's new favourite, who had succeeded to the ascendency over her mind possessed by the Duchess of Marlborough, to displace the Whig ministry under which he was secretary. It is worthy of observation with what coolness Swift writes of the failure of this project, which, when successfully renewed in 1711, formed the administration of which he was the warmest defender.

purpose, and came back immediately, and went together into the House of Commons. Mr. St. John * designs to lay down in a few days, as a friend of his told me, though he advised him to the contrary; and they talk that Mr. Bruges, and Mr. Coke the vice chamberlain, with some others, will do the like. Mr. Harley had been some time, with the greatest art imaginable, carrying on an intrigue to alter the ministry, and began with no less an enterprize than that of removing the lord-treasurer, and had nearly effected it, by the help of Mrs. Masham, one of the queen's dressers, who was a great and a growing favourite, of much industry and insinuation. It went so far that the queen told Mr. St. John a week ago, "that she was resolved to part with lord-treasurer;" and sent him with a letter to the Duke of Marlborough, which she read to him, to that purpose; and she gave St. John leave to tell it about the town, which he did without any reserve; and Harley told a friend of mine a week ago, that he was never safer in favour or employment. On Sunday evening last, the lord-treasurer † and Duke of Marlborough went out of the council; and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war. Upon which the Duke of Somerset rose, and said, "if her majesty suffered that fellow (pointing to Harley) to treat affairs of the war without advice of the general, he could not serve her;" and so left the council. The Earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, spoke to the same purpose; so did most of the lords: and the next day the queen was prevailed upon to turn him out, though the seals were not delivered till yester-

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* Swift was not acquainted with St. John till after the formation of the Tory ministry in 1711.

† Lord Godolphin.

day. It was likewise said, that Mrs. Masham is forbid the court; but this I have no assurance of. Seven lords of the Whig party are appointed to examine Gregg, who lies condemned in Newgate; * and a certain lord of the council told me yesterday, that there are endeavours to bring in Harley as a party in that business, and to carry it as far as an impeachment. All this business has been much fomented by a lord whom Harley had been chiefly instrumental in impeaching some years ago. The secretary always dreaded him and made all imaginable advances to be reconciled, but could never prevail; which made him say yesterday to some who told it to me, "that he had laid his neck under their feet, and they trod upon it." I am just going this morning to visit that lord, who has a very free way of telling what he cares not who hears: and if I can learn any more particulars worth telling, you shall have them. I never in my life saw or heard such divisions and complications of parties as there have been for some time: you sometimes see the extremes of Whig and Tory driving on the same thing. I have heard the chief Whigs blamed by their own party for want of moderation, and I know a Whig lord in good employment who voted with the highest Tories against the court, and the ministry, with whom he is nearly allied. My Lord Peterborow's affair is yet upon the anvil, and what they will beat it out to, no man can tell. It is said that Harley had laid a scheme for an entire new ministry, and the men are named to whom the several employments were to be given. And though his project has miscarried,

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* Gregg was an under clerk in Harley's office, who had carried on a traitorous correspondence with France, for which he was condemned and executed. Many attempts were made to fix some degree of connivance upon Harley himself.

it is reckoned the greatest piece of court skill that has been acted these many years.—I have heard nothing since morning but that the attorney * either has laid down, or will do it in a few days.

—o—

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Feb. 29, 1707–8.

SIR,

MR. FROWDE † tells me, that you design me the honour of a visit to-morrow morning; but my Lord Sunderland ‡ having directed me to wait on him at nine o'clock, I shall take it as a particular favour, if you will give me your company at the George in Pall-Mall about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your conversation more at leisure, which I set a very great value upon. I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele and Frowde will dine with us.

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* Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Harcourt, and chancellor in Harley's administration.

† Philip Frowde, Esq., son of Ashburnham Frowde, Esq., comptroller of the foreign office at the post-office. He was the author of two tragedies, and was much beloved for his genius and learning, and the amiableness of his character.—B.

‡ To whom Mr. Addison was secretary.—B.

—o—

TO DR. STERNE.*

London, April 15, 1708.

SIR,

I WONDER whether, in the midst of your buildings, you ever consider that I have broke my shins, and have been a week confined this charming weather to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my Lord Pembroke. Pug is very well, and likes London wonderfully, but Greenwich better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by some at court, that the Bishop of Kildare † is utterly bent upon a removal on this side, though it be to St. Asaph: and then the question must be, whether Dr. Pratt will be Dean of St. Patrick's, minister of St. Catherine's, or provost? For I tell you a secret, that the queen is resolved the next promotion shall be to one of Dublin education: this she told the lord-lieutenant. Your new Waterford bishop franks his letters, which no bishop does that writes to me; I suppose it is some peculiar privilege of that see. The dissenters have made very good use here of your frights in Ireland upon the intended invasion; and the archbishop writes me word, that the address of Dublin city will be to the same purpose, which I think the clergy ought to have done their best to prevent, and I hope they did so. Here has the Irish speaker ‡ been soliciting to get the test clause

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* Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; and afterwards Bishop of Clogher.—N.

† Dr. William Ellis. He continued at Kildare from 1705 till 1731.

‡ Allan Broderick, Esq.

repealed by an act here; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for some other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have told the archbishop about those addresses. And if his grace and clergy of the province send an address, I desire I may present it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavour among you, that the church of Ireland gentlemen may send an address to set the queen and court right about the test: which every one here is of opinion you should do; or else I have reason to fear it will be repealed here next session; which will be of terrible consequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of Ireland, that have no relation to any interest of theirs.

If you will not use me as your book-buyer, make use of Sir Andrew Fountaine, who sends you his humble service, and will carry over a cargo as big as you please toward the end of summer, when he and I intend my lord-lieutenant* shall come in our company without fail, and in spite of Irish reports, that say we shall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with masons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholsterers, with whom you may go on as slow and soberly as you please. But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant.

JON. SWIFT.

Direct the enclosed, and deliver it to the greatest person in your neighbourhood.

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* Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.—H.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, June, 1708.

I WRIT to you some weeks ago, and enclosed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapped by some privateer, or else you were lazy or forgetful; or which is full as good, perhaps, it had no need of an answer, and I would not for a good deal, that the former had miscarried, because the enclosed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I suppose, will, though it be not half so profound. Now are you gone some summer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight; nor send the enclosed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds' worth of books; but now I have been here so long, I believe you will have reason to apprehend I may sink the money. Sir Andrew Fountaine* will never be satisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three Ashes, the Bishop of Killala,† and myself, to be happy at the expense of your wine and conversation.

Here is a sight of two girls joined together at the back, which, in the newsmonger's phrase, causes a great many speculations; and raises abundance of questions in divinity, law, and physic.‡ The boys

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* Dr. Swift, in 1708, used to lodge with Sir Andrew Fountaine, when he was in London.—H.

† Dr. William Lloyd, 1690–1716.—N.

‡ There is a particular account of them in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1758, Vol. L. p. 311.—B.

of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy.* Here is a long lampoon publicly printed, abusing by name at length, all the young people of quality, that walk in the park.† These are effects of our liberty of the press.

I long to know what is become of your new house, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work stops for want of money; and you pretend that it is only that the boards may have time to season. We are still in pain for Mr. Dopping's being in one of the packet boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to England again; which, if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, sir, let me hear from you some time this hot weather, for it will be very refreshing; and I am confined by business to this ugly town, which, at this season of the year, is almost insufferable.

I am, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Of Edward, Lord Griffin, who had been attainted by outlawry for high-treason committed in the reign of King William, and was, on the 15th of May 1708, ordered for execution; but reprieved from time to time, till his death.—B.

† A poem by Oldisworth, under the title of "St James's Park." —N.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, June 10, 1708.

I sent your grace a long letter several weeks ago, enclosed in one to the dean.* I know not whether it came to your hands, having not since been honoured with your commands. I believe I told your grace, that I was directly advised by my Lord Sunderland, my Lord Somers, Mr. Southwell, and others, to apply to my lord treasurer,† in behalf of the clergy of Ireland; and Lord Sunderland undertook to bring me to lord-treasurer, which was put off for some time on account of the invasion. For, it is the method here of great ministers, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuse for putting off all private application. I deferred it some time longer, because I had a mind my Lord Sunderland should go along with me; but either the one or the other was always busy or out of the way; however, his lordship had prepared lord-treasurer, and engaged him (as he assured me) to think well of the matter; and the other day lord-treasurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my story; "that I was commanded by your grace, and desired by some other bishops, to use what little credit I had, to solicit (under the direction of my lord-lieutenant) the remitting of the first-fruits; which, from the favourable representation of his lordship to the queen about four years ago, the clergy were encou-

* Dr. Sterne.—H. † Earl of Godolphin.

raged to hope would be granted; that I had been told it might be of use, if some person could be admitted to his presence, at his usual times of being attended, in order to put him in mind; for the rest, they relied entirely on his excellency's good office, and his lordship's dispositions to favour the church." He said, in answer, "he was passive in this business: that he supposed the lord-lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleased, he would repeat what I had said." I replied, "I had the honour of being well known to his excellency; that I intended to ask his leave to solicit this matter with his lordship, but had not mentioned it yet, because I did not know whether I had credit enough to gain that access he was now pleased to honour me with: that upon his lordship's leave to attend him, signified to me by the Earl of Sunderland, I went to inform his excellency, not doubting his consent; but did not find him at home, and therefore ventured to come; but, not knowing how his excellency might understand it, I begged his lordship to say nothing to my lord-lieutenant, until I had the honour to wait on him again."

This my lord-treasurer agreed to, and entering on the subject, told me, "that since the queen's grant of the first-fruits here, he was confident, not one clergyman in England was a shilling the better." I told him, "I thought it lay under some incumbrances." He said, "It was true; but besides that, it was wholly abused in the distribution; that as to those in Ireland, they were an inconsiderable thing, not above £1000 or £1200 a-year, which was almost nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions: First, That it should be well disposed of: and, secondly, that it should be well received, with due acknowledgments; in which cases he would give his consent: otherwise, to deal freely with me,

he never would." I said, "As to the first, that I was confident the bishops would leave the methods of disposing it entirely to her majesty's breast; as to the second, her majesty and his lordship might count upon all the acknowledgments that the most grateful and dutiful subjects could pay to a prince. That I had the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordship, else I should presume to ask him, whether he understood any particular acknowledgments." He replied, "By acknowledgments, I do not mean anything under their hands; but I will so far explain myself to tell you, I mean better acknowledgments than those of the clergy of England."*

I then begged his lordship, "to give me his advice, what sort of acknowledgments he thought fittest for the clergy to make, which I was sure would be of mighty weight with them." He answered, "I can only say again, such acknowledgments as they ought."

We had some other discourse of less moment; and after licence to attend him on occasion, I took my leave.

I tell your grace these particulars in his very words, as near as I can recollect, because I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them so too. I told Southwell all that had passed, and we agreed in our comments, of which I desired him now to inform you. He set out for Ireland this morning. I am resolved to see my Lord Sunderland in a day or two, and relate what my lord-treasurer said, as he has commanded me to do; and

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* The clergy of England were then violent in the Tory interest. A circumstance which renders the meaning of the Whig lord-treasurer easy of interpretation.

perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his lordship's meaning, to which I am prepared to answer, as Mr. Southwell will let you know.

At evening, the same day, I attended my lord-lieutenant, and desired to know what progress he had made; and at the same time proposed, "that he would give me leave to attend lord-treasurer only as a common solicitor, to refresh his memory." I was very much surprised at his answer, "that the matter was not before the treasurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needless;" upon which, I said nothing of having been there. He said, "he had writ lately to your grace an account of what was done; that some progress was made; but they put it off because it was a time of war, but that he had some hopes it would be done:" but this is only such an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I sent it your grace by his orders. I hope that in his letters he is fuller. My lord-treasurer on the other hand assured me, "he had the papers," (which his excellency denied;) and talked of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which several persons in great employments assure me is and must be true.

Thus your grace sees that I shall have nothing more to do in this matter, farther than pursuing the cold scent of asking his excellency, once a-month, how it goes on; which, I think, I had as good forbear, since it will turn to little account. All I can do is, to engage my Lord Sunderland's interest with my lord-treasurer, whenever it is brought before him; or to hint it to some other persons of power and credit; and likewise to endeavour to take off that scandal the clergy of Ireland lie under, of being the reverse of what they really are, with respect to the revolution, loyalty to the queen, and settlement

of the crown; which is here the construction of the word *Tory*.*

I design to tell my lord-treasurer, that, this being a matter my lord-lieutenant has undertaken, he does not think proper I should trouble his lordship; and which, recommending it to his goodness, I shall forbear any farther mention. I am sensible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon; but I still insist, that if it had been solicited four years ago by no abler hand than my own, while the Duke of Ormond was in Ireland, it might have been done in a month: and I believe it may be so still, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it; otherwise, God knows when. For myself, I have nothing to do here but to attend my lord-lieutenant's motions, of whose return we are very uncertain, and to manage some personal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favour, and your blessing; and am, with all respect,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

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* It would appear, from this mitigated mode of expression, that Swift himself did not look on the Tories in so odious a light, although he was at present ambitious of being esteemed a Whig.

FROM ANTHONY HENLEY,* ESQ.

Grange, Sept. 16, 1708.

YESTERDAY the weather-glass was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I saw it; the wind was at east, a very dull quarter; the garden so wet, there was no looking into it; and I myself, by consequence, in the spleen. Before night, the glass rose, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwise. The reason why your letter was so long a-coming to my hands, was, its being directed to me near Winchester, and Alresford is the post-town nearest to me. If the officers should come to you, doctor, if you want a security that your children shan't be troublesome to the parish, pray make use of me. I'll stand 'em all, though you were to have as many as the Holland countess. We have had a tedious expectation of the success of the siege of Lisle: the country people begin to think there is no such thing, and say the newspapers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how Steele† will get off of it; his veracity is at stake in Hantshire. Pray desire him to take the town, though he should leave the citadel for a nest-egg. I ha'nt the honour to know Colonel

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* Of the Grange, in the county of Southampton, member of parliament for Melcombe-Regis. He was a person of great abilities and learning, who mixed humour in the most serious debates. He was father of the lord-chancellor, Robert, Earl of Northington.—B.

† Then writer of the Gazette.—B.

Hunter; but I never saw him in so good company as you have put him in, Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the Gazetteer.* Since he is there, let him stay there. Pray, doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to one's self, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has settled it, that talking to one's self, which offends nobody, is madness; and talking to other people, which generally is not quite so harmless, is wit, or good-breeding, or religion, or—I won't write a word more till you have satisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am sure one need not have writ two pages to introduce my assuring you that I am

Your most affectionate humble servant,

A. HENLEY.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR DOCTOR, Nov. 2, 1708.

THOUGH you won't send me your broomstick,† I'll send you as good a reflection upon death as even Adrian's himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a-going, they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him, how he did? he replied, in great pain, "If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come

* Steele. † Meditation on a Broomstick.

in again." This, if it were put in fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am,

Your most affectionate, humble servant,

A. HENLEY.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Nov. 9, 1708.

MY LORD,

YOUR grace's letter of September 7, found me in Kent, where I took the opportunity to retire during my Lord Pembroke's absence with his new lady, who are both expected to-morrow. I went afterward to Epsom, and returned but yesterday: this was the cause of my so long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace, that very wrong representations are made of things and persons here, by people who reside on this side but a short time, converse at second or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have observed myself in Ireland, even among people of some rank and quality; and I believe your grace will proceed on much better grounds, by trusting to your own wisdom and experience of things than such intelligence.

I spoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts; and whatever Mr. D—— has said in his letters about staying until a peace, I do assure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at an end. There is a new world here;* and yet I

* About this time several promotions took place, all of them apparently calculated to strengthen the interest of the Whig

agree with you, that if there be an interregnum, it will be the properest time to address my lord-treasurer; and I shall second it with all the credit I have, and very openly; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from Kent, (the night of the prince's* death,) I staid a few days in town before I went to Epsom: I then visited a certain great man, and we entered very freely into discourse upon the present juncture. He assured me there was no doubt now of the scheme holding about the admiralty,† the government of Ireland,‡ and presidency of the council;§ the disposition whereof your grace knows as well as I; and although I care not to mingle public affairs with the interest of so private a person as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the service of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on such an occasion: and to assure you, that no prospect of making my fortune, shall ever prevail on me to go against what becomes a man of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the established church. This I say, in case such a thing should happen; for my thoughts are turned another way, if the Earl of Berkeley's journey to Vienna holds, and the ministry will keep their promise of

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ministry, which had been endangered by the defection of Harley. Lord Pembroke was created lord high-admiral; the Earl of Wharton lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and Lord Somers president of the council. All these great men had professed regard for Swift; and he naturally connects his prosperity with their advancement. But it is singular enough to find him endeavouring to assure the archbishop that his Whig sentiments in state matters should not affect his high-church principles. We shall soon see the correspondents exchange characters in this particular.

* George Prince of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne.

† Orford. ‡ Wharton. § Somers.

making me the queen's secretary, by which I shall be out of the way of parties, until it shall please God I have some place to retire to, a little above contempt: or, if all fail, until your grace and the Dean of St. Patrick's shall think fit to dispose of that poor town living in my favour.

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention designed with the court about a speaker is dropped, and all agree in Sir Richard Onslow, which is looked on as another argument for the scheme succeeding. This I had from the same hand.

As to a comprehension, which your grace seems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can say nothing: doubtless, it must be intended to come to that at last, if not worse; but I believe at present, it was meant that there should be a consent to what was endeavoured at in your parliament last session.

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head; but it fails, or is not convenient at present. If the scheme holds, I shall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, because I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great suspense both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the Duke of Marlborough's return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter, of which I can form no prospect, according to our demands. I am, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Your grace will please to direct your commands to me at St. James's Coffeehouse, in St. James's Street.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, Nov. 20, 1708.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE yours of the 9th instant, and if the scheme of alteration holds, as represented, I despair of our twentieth parts in the present method; yet I can't think it proper to move in any new course, till the declaration of what is intended be more authentic. I have no good ground for my doubt; and yet in my own mind, I make some question, whether all things will be just as surmised. If I find this to be so in earnest, I will then endeavour to obtain an address to my lord-treasurer, which, I suppose has been hitherto wanting; but, if the matter stick on any considerations not agreeable, there is an end of it. To deal freely, I have very little hope of succeeding any way: but it will not make things worse to try the experiment.

I understand some dissenters from hence will apply to the parliament of England this session, to obtain a repeal of the test, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in England; and that a fund is raised, and agents appointed to solicit their affairs, by the presbyters of the North. I have had some intimation, that all dissenters are not of a mind in this point; the other sects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are, than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of presbytery. Something pleasant enough is said to have happened on this occasion. A certain person endeavoured to

comfort them, and remove their jealousy, by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greatest friends to dissenters, and who would be most zealous for toleration, never designed to establish any church, but only to destroy that which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them satisfaction I can't tell; but am certain, that if any have so wicked a design, they will fail in it.

I am often alarmed with the fears of some good men, who would persuade me, that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wondered to see me so sanguine in the cause. But I tell them, that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some may dose themselves so long with perverse thinking, as not to see any reason for it; but in spite of all the ill-natured and false philosophy of these two sorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And so it is, and will be with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general has a powerful cause, though every one cannot find it out.

But I have forgot my dissenters: the reason of their applying in Great Britain is, because they see little reason to hope for success here; and if I can judge of the sense of gentlemen that compose the parliament, they never seemed to be farther from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you see hardly anything valuable is obtained any otherwise than by the government; and therefore if you can attend the next lord-lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I assure myself that you are too honest to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be proposed. I could give several reasons why you should embrace this, though I have

no exception against your secretaryship;* except that you may lose too much time in it, which, considering all things, you cannot so well spare at this time of the day.

As to my own part, I thank God, I was never much frightened by any alterations: neither King James, nor the Earl of Tyrconnel, shocked me. I always comforted myself with the 112th Psalm, 7th verse.† I never was a favourite of any government, nor have I a prospect of being so, though I believe I have seen forty changes; nor would I advise any friend to sell himself to any, so as to be their slave. I could write some other things, that you would desire to know; but pen and ink are dangerous tools in some men's hands, and I love a friend with an appetite. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

TO THE SAME.‡

MY LORD, London, Nov. 30, 1708.

I WRIT to you about a fortnight ago, after my return from the country, and gave you some account of an intended change at court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put Lord Pembroke in mind of the first-fruits before he went out of his

* To the embassy at Vienna, which Swift mentioned in the preceding letter.

† "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—B.

‡ Alluding to the archbishop's advice, that he should apply for the situation of chaplain to the next lord-lieutenant, who proved to be Lord Wharton.

office; but it was needless, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which, I suppose, you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops, and the lord-treasurer himself, solicited that matter in a body; it was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal notion they have here of so many high-church archbishops among you; and your friend made no application, for reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament: but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary. The affair of Drogheday * has made a noise here, and like everything else on your side, is used as a handle: I have had it run in my ears from certain persons. I hope you are prepared to take off the sacramental test, because that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it, in consideration of the queen's bounty; and that men in employment will be so wise as to please the court, and secure themselves; but, to think there is any design of bringing the Scotch into offices, is a mere scandal.

Lord Pembroke is to have the admiralty only a few months, then to have a pension of £4000 a-year, and to retire; and it is thought Lord Orford will succeed him, and then it is hoped, there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that Sir John Leake will be turned out, and the Whigs so well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court, upon a peace, to bring the balance on the other side.

One Mr. Shute is named for secretary to Lord Wharton; he is a young man, but reckoned the shrewdest head in Europe; and the person in whom

* Some disputes in corporation affairs.—F.

the presbyterians chiefly confide; and, if money be necessary toward the good work in Ireland, it is reckoned he can command as far as £100,000 from the body of dissenters here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, &c.*

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the Archbishop of Canterbury takes pains to have it believed it was a thing done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong side) was with me the other day, and said, he had it from a good hand, that the reason of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts ecclesiastic, &c.

The Archbishop of Dublin is represented here as one that will very much oppose our designs; and, although I will not say that the Observator *is paid for writing as he does;* yet I can positively affirm to you, that whatever he says of that archbishop, or of the affairs of Ireland, or those here, is exactly agreeable to *our thoughts and intentions.*

This is all I can recollect, fit to inform you at pre-

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* On this passage it has been observed by Mr. Luson (Duncombe's Collection, Append. to Vol. II. p. xliii.): "This fair character of a Whig from Swift is so extraordinary, that it seems as if nothing but truth could have extorted it. It is, however, observable, that with no other correspondent, the extravagance of Swift's humour, and the virulence of his prejudices, are half so much restrained, as in his letters to Dr. King. He certainly either feared or respected this prelate, more than any other person with whom he corresponded." This very foolish observation is only retained to show how much Swift has been misjudged. At this time he called himself, and was called by others, a Whig; and, far from supposing zeal in recommending the principles of that party would be acceptable to Archbishop King, he is at great pains to express his devotion to the church, lest the prelate should suspect that his high-church principles would at all be slackened or modified by his opinions in state politics.

sent.—If you please, I shall from time to time send you anything that comes to my knowledge, that may be worth your notice. I am, &c.

—o—

TO DEAN STERNE.

November 30, 1708.

SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date; but I conceive it to have been a month ago, for I met it when I came from Kent, where, and at Epsom, I passed about six weeks, to divert myself the fag-end of the summer, which proved to be the best weather we had. I am glad you made so good a progress in your building; but you had the emblem of industry in your mind, for the bees begin at the top and work downward, and at last work themselves out of house and home, as many of you builders do.

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court; and that Dr. Lambert is chaplain to the lord-lieutenant:* the Archbishop of Canterbury, several other bishops, and my lord-treasurer himself would needs have it so. I made no manner of application for that post, upon certain reasons, that I shall let you know, if ever I have the happiness to see you again.

My Lord Sunderland rallied me on that occasion, and was very well pleased with my answer, "that I observed one thing in all new ministries: for the

* Lord Wharton.

first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterward, they are engaged."

What I have to say of the public, &c., will be enclosed,* which, I suppose, will be shown you, and you will please to deliver as formerly. Lord Pumbroke takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as usual; and he either makes the best use, or the best appearance with his philosophy of any man I ever knew; for it is not believed he is pleased at heart upon many accounts.

Sir Andrew Fountaine is well, and has either writ to you last post, or designs it soon.

Dr. Pratt is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made some purchases that would set you a-longing. You have heard our mighty news† is extremely dwindled in our last packets. However, we expected a very happy end of the campaign, which this sudden thaw, and foul weather, begun here yesterday, will soon bring to an issue. I am, &c.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, Jan. 6, 1708–9.

Before I received the honour of your grace's of November 20, I had sent one enclosed, &c., with what account I could of affairs. Since that time, the

* Alluding to his letter to Archbishop King of the same date.

† On the 11th of November 1708, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene obliged the Elector of Bavaria to raise the siege of Brussels.—H.

measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons, that your grace will easily apprehend; and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper of giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of anything, and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affair of the first-fruits being performed, which my Lord Pembroke had the goodness to send me immediate notice of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleases to command me; for he sees nobody in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form. I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very little, except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my Lord Pembroke. But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very frankly told me, "that if I had not smoothed the way, by giving them and the rest of the ministry a good opinion of the justice of the thing, it would have met with opposition;" upon which I only remarked what I have always observed in courts, that when a favour is done, there is no want of persons to challenge obligations. Meantime, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in payment. I suppose the clergy will, in due time, send the queen an address of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud your grace's "sanguine temper," as you call it, and your comparison of religion to paternal affection; but the world is

divided into two sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and most pious principle; and although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I have sometimes strange weaknesses. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often shifted their scenes; sometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that were before barbarous; which has been the case of Christianity itself, particularly in many parts of Africa; and how far the wickedness of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a judgment, is terrible to think. But as great princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts: so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go farther, and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from Ireland, against repelling the test, wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented.* The author has

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* The tract alluded to was Swift's own composition. See Volume VIII. page 339. The character of Archbishop King occurs on p. 344. No point of Swift's literary policy is more remarkable than the anxiety which he so frequently shewed to disguise his being the author of popular publications. Upon this occasion he was probably conscious that the tenets of the "Letter concerning the Sacramental Test," would not greatly recommend him to a ministry with whom he had not yet broken friendship; and his disowning the tract to the Archbishop of Dublin, was

gone out of his way to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repelling the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says, he is confident my Lord Wharton will not attempt it, if he finds the bent of the nation against it.*—I will say nothing farther of his character to your grace at present, because he has half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to Ireland, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance.

My Lord Berkeley begins to drop his thoughts of going to Vienna; and indeed I freely gave my opinion against such a journey for one of his age and

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probably not without a view of obtaining that prelate's unbiassed opinion of the performance. If we are right in the latter part of our conjecture, his vanity would be scarcely gratified by the archbishop's answer, in which his grace acquiesces without remonstrance in the character of the publication, given by Swift in his letter. It is difficult to detect the allusion to Swift himself, of which he pretends to complain in the text; unless, indeed, he be the single clergyman of distinction, who is said, on p. 353, to have entertained an opinion favourable to the removal of the test.

* *i.e.* the abolition of the test.

infirmities. And I shall hardly think of going secretary without him, although the emperor's ministers here think I will, and have writ to Vienna. I agree with your grace, that such a design was a little too late at my years; but, considering myself wholly useless in Ireland, and in a parish with an audience of half-a-score, and it being thought necessary that the queen should have a secretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some time abroad, until my friends would make me a little easier in my fortunes at home. Besides, I had hopes of being sent in time to some other court, and in the meanwhile the pay would be forty shillings a-day, and the advantage of living, if I pleased, in Lord Berkeley's family. But, I believe, this is now all at an end. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

My Lord Wharton says, he intends for Ireland the beginning of March.

—o—

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER,

GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS, A PARIS.

London, Jan. 12, 1708–9.

SIR,

I KNOW no people so ill used by your men of business as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten days farther of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering, whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet by writing some dark matter, that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose, Monsieur Chamillard, or some of his commissaries, must have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel* Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love; because I have a scruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be scandalous for a free Briton to drag two chains at once. I presume, you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else,

except St. Germain.* I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus honnête garçon du monde.* Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breast-plate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with

—"Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus?" † VIRG. XI. 283.

Vous savez que—Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secrétaire d'état d'Irelande; and unless you make haste over and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him, for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had of displaying my politics at the emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. Crowder is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and Frowde is *réveur à peindre.* Mr. Addison and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with Will Pate,‡ a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-draper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their victories, we underrate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories' noses; their number is not to

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* Then the palace of the queen-dowager of James II. and the Pretender.—H.

† In war opposed, with threat'ning arms we raged,
And fiercely in the deadly strife engaged.

‡ See Journal to Stella, Sept. 17, Oct. 6, 1710.—H.

be learned by telling of noses, for every Tory has not a nose.

'Tis a loss, you are not here to partake of three weeks' frost, and eat gingerbread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd* looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw: but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever.

As for the convocation, the queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expense of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raving at the disappointment.

I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch,† and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you; who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more. You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory‡ is dead, and Keil‡ solicits to be his successor; but party reaches even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called Nicolini, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars' length. Lord Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorset is nobody's favourite but yours and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him; which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. Pringle, a

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* The Biddy Floyd of his lively verses. See Vol. XIV. p. 68.

† See Vol. XIV. p. 71.

‡ Two famous mathematicians who published several treatises in that science and in astronomy.—H.

gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr. Addison in the secretary's office; and Mr. Shute,* a notable young presbyterian gentleman under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part or all of both, from other hands, but you must be content: pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

Your most faithful, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

P.S.—Mr. Steele presents his most humble service to you: and I cannot forbear telling you of your *méchanceté* to impute the "Letter on Enthusiasm"† to me; when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at Paris.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, Feb. 10, 1708–9.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED yours of last January the 6th, and you will find but a sorry correspondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter and forbid

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* See p. 302.

† The "Letter on Enthusiasm," written by the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and published in 1708, was for a time pertinaciously ascribed to Swift, of which he complains, in the Apology to the Tale of a Tub. It appears from what follows, that he suspected Colonel Hunter to be the author.

pen and ink by my physician; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a colic about the year 1696, that brought me to extremity, and all despaired of my life, and the news-letters reported me dead. It began at the same time of the year, and the same way it did then, and the winters were much alike: and I verily believe had I not had the assistance of my old physician Sir Patrick Dun,* I should have run the same course, which I could not have supported. But with a little physic, and the Spa and Bath waters, I escaped without other hardships than keeping at home; and so much for private affairs.

As to the public, I had a letter from my Lord Pembroke, wherein he told me the first-fruits and twentieth parts were granted, and that my lord-lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as soon as the order comes, he will have a public acknowledgment.

I have seen a letter, that passes as from a member of the house, &c. I think your judgment concerning it is very just. But pray by what artifice did you contrive to pass for a Whig? As I am an honest man, I courted the greatest Whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

But you need not be concerned: I will engage you will lose nothing by that paper. I wish some facts had been well considered before vouched: if any one matter in it prove false, what do you think will come of the paper? In short, it will not be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

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* This gentlemen founded three professorships in the University of Dublin; viz., theory and practice of physic, chirurgery and midwifery, pharmacy and the *materia medica.*—H.

As to the test, I believe that matter is over for this season. I was much for dissolving this present parliament, and calling a new one this spring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were settled: and I was sure, that without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the test; but I did not know what the influence of a lord-lieutenant, (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his measures justly,) might have affected, and we know very well what force, management and timing matters have; and there is hardly anything but powerful persuasions, terror, and ostentation of interest, may effect, especially in popular elections. And to confess the truth to you, I am not altogether easy in that matter yet, especially if things take any new turn in England. It is whispered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herself was at the bottom of what passed in the house of commons with you, and that the ministry screened her in that affair, for reasons that may be guessed at.

I am wonderfully pleased at the good character you give Mr. Addison. If he be the man that you represent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to serve his lord effectually; and procure himself love and respect here. I can't say it will be in my power to do him any service: but my good wishes and endeavours shall not be wanting.

Mr. Stoughton preached a sermon* here, on the 30th of January, King Charles's martyrdom, that

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* This sermon, preached at Christ Church, Dublin, was burnt by the common hangman, Nov. 9, 1711, by way of a propitiatory offering to the new Tory ministry.

gives great offence: the government heard it, but I was ill at home, which Dean Sterne will needs have a providence. If the representation I have of it be true, I am sure I should have suspended him, if it had cost me both my reputation and interest.* I have represented what I have heard of it, and have discoursed my lord-chancellor about it, and told him of what consequence I think it to be, both to him and us, and that it should not pass without censure. I have not as yet seen my lord-primate. Wise men are doing all they can to extinguish faction; and fools and elves are throwing firebrands. Assure yourself this had an ill effect on the minds of most here; for, though they espouse the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the ministry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny, than to represent them, and those that espoused them, to be such as murdered King Charles I., and such are all that approve or excuse it.

As to your own affairs, I wish you could have come over chaplain as I proposed; but since a more powerful interest interposed, I believe you had best use your endeavours there; but if nothing happens before my lord-lieutenant comes over, you had best make us a visit. Had you been here, I believe something might have been done for you before this. The Deanery of Down is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord-lieutenant, but it yet hangs, and I know not what will become of it; but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice

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* Accordingly, it appears from a subsequent letter of the archbishop, 10th Nov. 1711, that he did prosecute Stoughton; and, notwithstanding his being protected by the Whigs, forced him out of his living, for which he received the thanks of the same house of commons who appointed the sermon to be burnt.

removed to it, it might make present provision for you. I have many things more to say; but they are so much of a piece with these I have writ already, that you may guess at them all by this sample. God be with you: Amen.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

—o—

MR. LE CLERC TO MR. ADDISON.

A Amsterdam, le 12 de Fevrier, 1709.

JE m'étois donné l'honneur de vous écrire, monsieur, dès le commencement de cette année, pour vous prier surtout d'une chose, qu'il me seroit important de savoir au plutôt. Cependant je n'ai reçu aucune de vos nouvelles. J'ai appris seulement, que vous quittiez le poste où vous étiez, pour aller en Irlande en qualité de secrétaire de mylord Wharton. Je m'en réjouis avec vous, dans la supposition, que ce dernier emploi vaut mieux que le précédent, quoique je sente bien, que je perdrai par votre éloignement. Je ne laisse pas de vous souhaiter toute sorte de satisfaction dans votre nouvel emploi, et de prier Dieu qu'il vous donne un heureux succès en tout ce que vous entreprendrez. Je vous avois prié, monsieur, de m'envoyer le nom propre et les titres de mylord Halifax, et de lui demander même, si vous le trouviez à propos, la permission de lui dédier mon Tite-Live. Comme vous m'aviez marqué par Mr. Philips, que vous aviez oublié la feuille, qui me manquoit du recueil de Mr. Rymer, je vous avois mandé, que c'est la feuille, 10 T, ou les 4 pages, qui précédent immé-

diatement l'indice des noms, dans le tome I. Si vous l'avez eue depuis, faites-moi la grace de l'envoyer à Mess. Toutton et Stuiguer, bien enveloppée, et de mettre mon addresse au dessus. Je suppose, monsieur, que cette lettre vous trouvera encore à Londres, parce qu'on dit, que mylord Wharton ne partira que vers le mois d'Avril. Il ne se passe rien de nouveau ici dans la république des lettres, qui mérite de vous être mandé. Les jesuites de Paris ont condamné en termes très-forts les sentimens du P. Hardouïn, et l'ont contraint de les rétracter d'une manière honteuse. On verra quelle en sera la suite. Je voudrois pouvoir vous être utile ici à quelque chose : vous verriez par-là, combien je suis, monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

J. Le Clerc.*

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* Translation of the above letter :—

Sir, Amsterdam, Feb. 12, 1709.

I did myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence ; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to Lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former ; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new offices ; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my Lord Halifax ; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my Livy to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. Philips, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, March 12, 1708-9.

REVEREND SIR,

THE business of the twentieth parts and first-fruits is still on the anvil. We are given to understand, that her majesty designs, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uses, and that it is designed this grant should come over with his excellency the lord-lieutenant. The bishops in this town at present thought it reasonable to apprize his excellency of the affair, and to address him for his favour in it, which accordingly is done by this post. We have sent with this address the representation made at first to her majesty about it; the reference to the commissioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the Lord Pembroke. In that there is mention of the state of the diocese of Dublin, as a specimen of the condition of the clergy of Ireland, by which it will appear how much we stand in need of such a gift. This we could not well send to his excellency, because it is very long, and we apprehend, that it might be improper to give him so much trouble at first, before

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it is reported that Lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on Father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad I could be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

he was any way apprized of the matter; but, if you think that his excellency may judge it agreeable that it should be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my Lord Pembroke's secretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and present it to my lord-lieutenant, or leave it with his secretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren, that you will be at this trouble: and there is a memorial to this purpose, at the foot of the copy of the representation made to the Earl of Pembroke, transmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account, will be answered by me.

The good impression you have given me of Mr. Addison, my lord-lieutenant's secretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this subject, which I have enclosed, and make you the full and sole judge whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here, whether it may be pertinent or no; but I may and do depend on your prudence in the case, who, I believe, will neither omit what may be useful, nor suffer me to do an officious or improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, besides what agrees with all occasions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wishes for you of, sir, your, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

The reversal of my Lord Slane's* outlawry makes

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* Christopher Fleming, Baron of Slane, having taken up arms for King James, in 1688, in Ireland, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards lost his estate, and was outlawed, till Queen Anne reversed his attainder; upon which the House of Commons of Ireland, on the 3d of June 1709, unanimously resolved, that an address be made to the queen, "setting forth the fatal consequences of reversing the outlawries of persons attainted of treason for the rebellions in 1641 and 1688." Lord Slane was, in November 1713, created by her majesty, Viscount Longford. —B.

a mighty noise through this kingdom; for aught I can remember, the destroying of our woollen manufactory did not cause so universal a consternation.

—o—

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER,

GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS, A PARIS.

London, March 22, 1708–9.

SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you sent me, in a letter to Mr. Addison, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same time that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for as I remember, it was full of the *diei fabulas*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in newspapers. Mr. Addison has been so taken up for some months in the amphibious circumstances of premier c—— to my Lord Sunderland, and secretary of state* for Ireland, that he is the worst man I know either to convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage, and indeed in your case it requires a good

* Principal secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.—H.

share of philosophy: but if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner; for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court, when the most christian king reading one passage in it, (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it,) where I said, if the French king understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count Tallard, and all the *débris* of Blenheim together: for I must confess I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the Queen of Pomunki,* waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions: and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast to England, against the time he must retire from his government. Meantime Philips writes verses in a sledge,† upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither to thrive in our warmer clime under the shelter of my Lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *Respublica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out; I shall not trouble you with the cause, but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barton is still in my good graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. There it is now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies,

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* He refers to Colonel Hunter's government of Virginia.

† See Ambrose Philip's verses descriptive of the climate and country of Scandinavia, dated Copenhagen, 9th March 1709, and inscribed to the Earl of Dorset. They first appeared in the Tatler, and were commended by Pope as the poetry of one who could write very nobly.

for the ministers never tell me anything; and Mr. Addison is nine times more secret to me than anybody else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St. James's coffeehouse is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring, of which Mrs. Chetwind and Mrs. Worsley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I design to set up a party among the wits to run them down by next winter, if true English caprice does not interpose to save us the labour. Mademoiselle Spanheim is going to marry my Lord Fitzharding, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lie of my own sending. I suppose you have heard, that the town has lost an old duke, and recovered a mad duchess. The Duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity, and we are all of opinion it will be his wisest course to do so. Now the way to be prodigiously witty, would be by keeping you in suspense, and not letting you know that this enemy is nothing but the north-east wind, which stops his voyage to Holland. This letter, going in Mr. Addison's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here; so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia:* in the

* There was a scheme on foot at this time to make Dr. Swift Bishop of Virginia, with a power to ordain priests and deacons for

meantime I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your letters for me at Mr. Steele's office* at the Cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and sends me word he is become a convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addison, with whom I have fifty times drunk your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or not till he gets to Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde:* for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business, must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude.

Your most faithful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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all our colonies in America, and to parcel out that country into deaneries, parishes, chapels, &c., and to recommend and present thereto; which would have been of the greatest use to the Protestant religion in that country had it taken effect.—Dubl. Edit.

* Afterwards Sir Richard, then under-secretary of state.

—o—

TO THE LORD-PRIMATE MARSH.*

My Lord, London, March 24, 1709.

I am commanded by his excellency the lord-lieutenant to send the enclosed to your grace, in answer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace, and *several* † bishops, relating to the first-fruits of Ireland. This will spare your grace and their lordships the trouble of any farther account from me. I shall therefore only add, that his excellency commands me to assure your grace of his *hearty inclination* ‡ in favour of the church of Ireland; and am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's *most dutiful and most obedient servant,* §

Jon. Swift.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, March 26, 1709.

I should have acknowledged yours of February 10, long ago, if I had not staid to see what became of the first-fruits. I have likewise yours of the

* Indorsed by Swift, "Copy of a letter to the Lord-primate of Ireland, by Lord Wharton's order."

† At first written, *some other.*

‡ In the first copy, *entire disposition to do.*

§ Originally, *most obedient and most humble servant.*

12th instant. I will now tell you the proceeding in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's death, Lord Pembroke sent me word by Sir Andrew Fountaine, that the queen had granted the thing, and afterward took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewise (I suppose) writ to the same purpose himself to the Archbishop of Dublin. I was then for a long time pursued by a cruel illness, that seized me at fits, and hindered me from meddling in any business; neither, indeed, could I at all suspect there was any need to stir any more in this, until, often asking Mr. Addison whether he had any orders about it, I was a little in pain, and desired Mr. Addison to inquire at the Treasury whether such a grant had then passed? and finding an unwillingness, I inquired myself, where Mr. Taylor assured me there were never any orders for such a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to despair of the whole thing. Lord Pembroke was hard to be seen, neither did I think it worth talking the matter with him. What perplexed me most was, why he should tell me, and write to Ireland, that the business was done; for if the account he sent to Ireland were not as positive as what he gave me, I ought to be told so from thence. I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your last letter; when his explanation was, that he had been promised he should carry over the grant when he returned to Ireland, and that his memorial was now in the treasury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter *with lord-treasurer only*,* in the form of common soliciting, he was uneasy, and told me lord-treasurer had nothing at all to do

* With Lord Pembroke only.—Dubl. Ed.

with it: but that it was a matter purely between the queen and himself, as I have told you in former letters; which, however, I knew then to be otherwise, from lord-treasurer himself. So that all I had left me to do was only the cold amusement of now and then refreshing Lord Pembroke's memory, or giving the ministry, as I could find opportunity, good dispositions toward the thing. Upon this notice from Lord Pembroke, I immediately went to Lord Wharton, which was the first attendance I ever paid him. He was then in a great crowd; I told him my business; he said, "he could not then discourse of it with me, but would the next day." I guessed the meaning of that, and saw the very person I expected, just come from him. Then I gave him an account of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his answer; but the formal part was this: "That he was not yet properly lord-lieutenant until he was sworn; that he expected the same application should be made to him as had been done to other lord-lieutenants; that he was very well disposed," &c. I took the boldness to begin answering those objections, and designed to offer some reasons; but he rose suddenly, turned off the discourse, and seemed in haste; so I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reasons in a memorial; but was advised, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpose. And, in short, I observe such a reluctance in some friends, whose credit I would employ, that I begin to think no farther of it.

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter* from the Archbishop of Dublin, wherein he tells me positively that Lord Pembroke had sent him word the first-fruits were granted, and that Lord

* The letter of March 12, 1708–9. See p. 319.—N.

Wharton would carry over the queen's letter, &c. I appeal to you, what any man could think after this? neither, indeed, had I the least suspicion, until Mr. Addison told me he knew nothing of it; and that I had the same account from the Treasury. It is wonderful a great minister should make no difference between a grant and the promise of a grant; and it is as strange that all I could say would not prevail on him to give me leave to solicit the finishing of it at the Treasury, which could not have taken the least grain of merit from him. Had I the least suspected it had been only a promise, I would have applied to Lord Wharton above two months ago; and so I believe would the Archbishop of Dublin from Ireland, which might have prevented, at least, the present excuse, of not having had the same application, although others might, I suppose, have been found.

I sent last post, by the lord-lieutenant's commands, an enclosed letter, from his excellency, to the lord-primate. In answer to a passage in your former letter; Mr. Stoughton is recommended for a chaplain to the lord-lieutenant. His sermon is much recommended by several here.* He is a prudent person, and knows how to time things. Others of somewhat better figure are as wise as he. A bold opinion is a short easy way to merit, and very necessary for those who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold, and cough attending it, which must excuse anything ill expressed in this letter. Neither is it a subject in the present circumstances very pleasant to dwell upon. I am, &c. JON. SWIFT.

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* A violent Whig sermon preached on the 30th January, and ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. See Archbishop King's letter, 10th February, 1708.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin, April 22, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

I AM in a very great hurry of business, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at Chester, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to see you very suddenly, and will wait on our friend the Bishop of Clogher,* as soon as I can possibly. I have had just time to tell him, *en passant*, that you are well. I long to see you, and am, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient servant, J. ADDISON.

We arrived yesterday at Dublin.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin Castle, June 25, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

I AM heartily glad to hear you are so near us. If you will deliver the enclosed to the captain of the Wolf, I daresay he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left Chester, I have sent you a bill according to the Bishop of Clogher's desire, of whom I have a thousand good things to say. I

* Dr. St. George Ashe, 1697–1717.

do not ask your excuse about the yacht, because I don't want it, as you shall hear at Dublin: if I did, I should think myself inexcusable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am ever, dear sir, yours most entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P.S.—The yacht will come over with the Acts of Parliament, and a convoy, about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the Wolf. I will give orders accordingly.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

[About July 1709.] Nine o'clock Monday morning.

DEAR SIR,

I THINK it very hard I should be in the same kingdom with Dr. Swift, and not have the happiness of his company once in three days. The Bishop of Clogher intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble servant in my return from Chapple-Izzard, whither I am just now going.

Your humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF HALIFAX.*

October 6, 1709.

SIR,

OUR friend Mr. Addison telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities, unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those, who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend.

I am your most humble and obedient servant,

HALIFAX.

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* This letter from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning.

Dr. Swift wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court-promises:* and, in the first leaf of a small printed book, entitled, *Poesies Chretiennes de Mons. Jollivet*, he wrote these words: "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember, it was the only *favour* I ever received from him or his party."—H.

FROM MR. STEELE.

Lord Sunderland's Office, Oct. 8, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Secretary Addison went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, viz., to forward the enclosed,* which Lord Halifax sent him for you. I assure you no man could say more in praise of another, than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on Wednesday last. I doubt not but you will find by the enclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your stay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were Lord Edward Russel, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and myself. I have heard such things said of that same Bishop of Clogher with you, that I have often said he must be entered *ad eundem* in our House of Lords. Mr. Philips dined with me yesterday: he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not write sometimes to me.

The town is in great expectation from Bickerstaff;† what passed at the election for his first table‡ being

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* The preceding letter.

† The name assumed by the author of the Tatler.—H.

‡ He means the choosing the Worthies for the Table of Fame; an allegory which appeared in the Tatler, No. LXXXI. See Vol. IX. p. 31. The paper was written by Steele and Addison, but from its being mentioned here, it seems probable Swift had some hand in its original concoction; and, accordingly, it has always made a part of his works.

to be published this day sevennight. I have not seen Ben Tooke a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be anything added by me to your fame, but to walk bareheaded before you. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

RICHARD STEELE.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.*

MY LORD, [1709. At a conjecture.]

IT is now a good while since I resolved to take some occasions of congratulating with your lordship, and condoling with the public, upon your lordship's leaving the admiralty; and I thought I could never choose a better time, than when I am in the country with my Lord Bishop of Clogher,† and his brother the doctor;‡ for we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your lordship, as any you have in both islands. You may call them a *triumvirate;* for, if you please to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of the church. To say the truth, it was a pity your lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk;* nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your lordship's *depth.* Dr. Ashe says, it is but justice

* This nobleman was particularly addicted to punning, in which propensity Swift indulges him plentifully in this letter.

† Dr. St. George Ashe. ‡ The Rev. Dillon Ashe.

that your lordship, who is a man of *letters*, should be placed upon the *post-office;* and my lord bishop adds, that he hopes to see your lordship tossed from that *post* to be a *pillar* of state again; which he desired I would put in by way of *postscript.* I am, my lord, &c.,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. ADDISON.

St. James's Place, April 11, 1710.

SIR,

I HAVE run so much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place, where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th instant. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know, that I obeyed yours, and the Bishop of Clogher's commands, in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the Bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffeehouse, who are always asking me questions about you when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may use so magnificent a phrase. Pray, dear doctor, continue your friendship toward me, who love and esteem you, if possible, as much as you deserve. I am ever, dear sir,

Yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

—o—

TO DEAN STERNE.

(WITH A PROXY FOR HIS APPEARANCE AS PREBENDARY OF DUNLAVAN, AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATION.)

Laracor, April 17, 1710.

SIR,

YOU have put me under the necessity of writing you a very scurvy letter, and in a very scurvy manner. It is the want of horses, and not of inclination, that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to see you * visit in your own right; but if I must be visited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies † of St. Mary's delivered me your commands; but Mrs. Johnson had dropped half of them by the shaking of her horse. I have made a shift, by the assistance of two civilians, and a book of precedents, to send you the

* Dr. Sterne was then vicar-general of the diocese of Dublin, and was to visit the clergy in the absence of the archbishop.—H.

† Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary, who will have the charity to answer for me. Those words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be translated, the want of a horse. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleshpots of Cavan Street. I advise them since they have given up their title and lodgings of St. Mary, to buy each of them a palfrey, and take a squire and seek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the frosty weather, for spoiling my poor half-dozen of blossoms. *Spes anni collapsa ruit:* Whether these words be mine or Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very busy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle, and all simple.

I can send you no news: only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory-sake, be reduced under these heads: Mr. Percival is ditching; Mrs. Percival in her kitchen; Mr. Wesley switching; Mrs. Wesley stitching; Sir Arthur Langford *riching*, which is a new word for heaping up riches. I know no other rhyme but *bitching*, and that I hope we are all past. Well, sir, long may you live the hospitable owner of good Bits, good Books, and good Buildings. The Bishop of Clogher would envy me for these three *Bes*. I am your most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

DR. SWIFT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, 1710.*

MEM. On Wednesday between seven and eight in the evening, May 10, 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor, (Mr. Percival and John Beaumont being by,) from Mrs. Fenton, dated May 9th, with one enclosed, sent from Mrs. Worrall at Leicester to Mrs. Fenton, giving an account, that my dear mother, Mrs. Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday, April 24, 1710,† about ten o'clock, after a long sickness, being ill all winter, and lame, and extremely ill a month or six weeks before her death. I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it, as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to Heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.

—o—

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin, June 3, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just now come from Finglas, where I have been drinking your health, and talking of you, with

* Copied by Mr. Nicol from Swift's yearly Memorandum-Book for 1710.

† "1710, April 27, Abigail Swift, widow, aged 70 years, buried." —Register of St. Martin's, Leicester.

one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request, that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment, as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you that I long to see you; without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear sir,

Your most faithful, most humble,

and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

—o—

FROM SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE.

June 27, 1710.

I NEITHER can nor will have patience any longer; and, Swift, you are a confounded son of a ——. May your half acre turn to a bog, and may your willows perish; may the worms eat your Plato, and may Parvisol * break your snuff-box. What! because there is never a bishop in England with half the wit of St. George Ashe, nor ever a secretary of state, with a quarter of Addison's good sense; therefore you cannot write to those that love you, as well as any Clogher or Addison of them all. You have lost your reputation here, and that of your bastard

* The Dean's steward, repeatedly mentioned.

the Tatler is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave London. Kingsmill is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

—o—

FROM MR. HENLEY.*

Εὐδαιμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπραττειν.

[About 1709 or 1710.]

REVEREND SIR,

IT is reported of the famous Regiomontanus, that he framed an eagle so artfully of a certain wood, that upon the approach of the Emperor Maximilian to the opulent city of Nuremberg, it took wing, and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me leave to attribute this excellent invention to the vehement desire he had to entertain his master with something extraordinary, and to say with the poet,

Amor addidit alas.

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this composition of old rags, gall, and vitriol fly to Dublin; and if (as the moving lion, which was composed by an Italian chemist, and opened his breast, and shewed the imperial arms painted on its heart) this could disclose itself, and discover to

* This is one of the most conceited letters in the collection, being upon the very false gallop of wit, or rather smartness, from beginning to the end.

you the high esteem and affection I have for you, I should attain my end, and not only sacrifice a hecatomb, but cry out, with ecstatic Archimedes, *Εὕρηκα.*

I should not have presumed to imagine, that you would deign to cast an eye on anything proceeding from so mean a hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper for which you are so justly celebrated and esteemed by all good men, as the *deliciæ humani generis;* and I make no question, but like your predecessor [an emperor again*] you reckon every day as lost, in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence. I was moreover emboldened by the adage, which does not stick to affirm, that one of the most despicable of animals may look upon the greatest of queens, as it has been proved to a demonstration by a late most judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchsafed to immortalize by your learned lucubrations.† And, as proverbs are the wisdom of a nation, so I take the naturalizing such a quantity of very expressive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the considerablest advantages we shall reap from it; and I do not question but the nation will be the wiser for the future.

But I have digressed too far, and therefore resume my thread. I know my own unworthiness to deserve your favour, but let this attempt pass on any account for some merit.

In magnis voluisse sat est.

And though all cannot be sprightly like F—d, wise like T——rs, agreeable like B——th, polite like P——r——de, or, to sum up all, though there be

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* Those words are crossed over in the original.—N.

† The Tatler, conducted under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff.

but one phœnix, and one *lepidissimus homuncio*, T—p—m; yet since a cup of cold water was not an unacceptable present to a thirsty emperor, I may flatter myself, that this tender of my services (how mean soever) may not be contemned; and though I fall from my great attempt,

Spero trovar pieta non che perdono;

as that mellifluous ornament of Italy, Franciscus Petrarch, sweetly has it.

Mr. Crowder I have often heard affirm, and the fine thinkers of all ages have constantly held, that much good may be attained by reading of history. And Dr. Sloane is of opinion, that modern travels are very behoveful toward forming the mind, and enlarging the thoughts of the curious part of mankind.

Give me leave to speak a little from both these topics.

In the Roman triumphs, which were doubtless the most august spectacles that were ever seen, it was the constant custom, that the public executioner should be behind the conqueror, to remind him, (says my author) from time to time, that these honours were transitory, and could not secure him from the severity of the laws.

Colonel Morrison of the guards [he lives next door to Tart-Hall] his father was in Virginia, and being like to be starved, the company had recourse to a learned master of arts; his name was Venter: he advised them to eat one another *pour passer le temps*, and to begin with a fat cook-maid. She had certainly gone to pot, had not a ship arrived just in the nick with a quantity of pork, which appeased their hunger, and saved the wench's bacon.

To apply these: Did you never (when rioting in

the costly dainties of my lord-high-admiral's* table, when the polytasted wine excited jovial thoughts, and banished serious reflections) forget your frail mortal condition? Or when, at another time, you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little spoon taken some Attic salt out of Mrs. F—'s† cadenat; and, as the poet sings,

Qui sedens adversus identidem——
Spectat et audit,

did you not think yourself *par Deo?* Pray God you did not; pray God you did not think yourself *superare divos.*

Confess the truth, doctor, you did; confess it, and repent of it, if it be not too late: but, alas! I fear it is.

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonnyclabber and usquebaugh; and hear you gnashing your teeth and crying, "Oh! what would I give now for a glass of that small beer I used to say was sour! or a pinch of that snuff, which I used to say was the cursed'st stuff in the world; and borrow as much as would lie on a shilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in those moments to have put me in mind of the sword hanging by a twine-thread over my head, and to have cried in a voice as loud as Southwell's, *Memento*, doctor, *quia Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris!*"

Every man in the midst of his pleasures should remember the Roman executioner: and I have been assured, that had it not been for the unfortunate loss of his royal highness the prince,‡ Sir Charles Dun-

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* Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.—H. † Floyd's.
‡ Of Denmark, who died Oct. 28, 1708.—H.

combe * would have revived that useful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord-mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be mistaken either in what has gone before, or in that which is to follow, as if I took you to be a bellygod, an Apicius, or him that wished his neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleasure in swallowing. No, dear doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum.* I know, indeed, you are *helluo*, but 'tis *librorum*, as the learned Dr. Accepted Frewen, some time Archbishop of York, was; and *ingenii*, as the quaint Dr. Offspring Blackall, now Bishop of Exeter, is. Therefore let us return to the use which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. Morrison's to your condition.

You are now cast on an inhospitable island; no mathematical figures on the sand, no *vestigia hominum* to be seen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one single barrel of damaged biscuit, and short allowance even of salt water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about; perhaps he might find some potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make a harpoon, and if he found Higgon † sleeping near the shore, strike him and eat him. The western islanders of Scotland say, 'tis good meat, and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of Lapland are to be credited.

But this I know is too gross a pabulum for one, who (as the chameleon lives on air) has always hitherto lived on wit; and whose friends (God be thanked) design he should continue to do so, and on

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* Lord-mayor of London in 1708.

† A turbulent high-church clergyman, the Sacheverell of Ireland, who is repeatedly mentioned in these letters.

nothing else. Therefore I would advise you to fall upon old Joan; eat, do, I live to bid thee! eat Addison:* and when you have eat everybody else, eat my lord-lieutenant,† [he is something lean, God help the while;] and though it will, for aught I know, be treason, there will be nobody left to hang you, unless you should think fit to do yourself that favour; which if you should, pray don't write me word of it, because I should be very sorry to hear of any ill that should happen to you, as being with a profound veneration,

One of the greatest of your admirers, T. B.
or any other two letters you like better.

Pray direct your answer to me, at the Serjeant's Head in Cornwall; or at Mr. Sentiment's, a *potty carrier*, in Common Garden, in the *Phhs*.

—o—

TO MR. BENJAMIN TOOKE.‡

Dublin, June 29, 1710.

SIR,

I WAS in the country when I received your letter with the Apology enclosed in it; and I had neither

* Then secretary to the Earl of Wharton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland.—H.

† Earl of Wharton.—H.

‡ He was long Swift's bookseller, and resided at the Middle Temple-gate, Fleet Street. The letter itself is a very remarkable one, referring entirely to the publication of the second edition of the Tale of a Tub, for which Swift appears to have been then preparing the Apology, and other additional matter. Although Swift

health nor humour to finish that business. But the blame rests with you, that if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have just now your last, with the complete Key. I believe it is so perfect a Grub Street piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller for publishing names in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction; for at this rate, there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me. I cannot but think that little parson-cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c., and he shewing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, "That if he be the author, he should set his name to the," &c., and rally him a little upon it: and tell him, "if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition." I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But I dare say, you have neither printed the rest, nor finished the cuts; only are glad

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did not choose to own the Tale of a Tub himself, as, indeed, his clerical character rendered the prudence of such a step questionable, he seems to have beheld with no small wrath the presumption of his cousin Mr. Thomas Swift, who more than hinted an appropriation of the unowned publication. He points out to Tooke the means of confuting this person's arrogance. See Introduction to the Tale of a Tub. He retained through his life a dislike at this "parson-cousin," as he calls him, who seems, by his dedication of a sermon to Lord Oxford, to have been a conceited and quibbling coxcomb. See some mention of this sermon in the Journal to Stella.

to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me; and I daresay it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the Miscellanies? I would not have you think of Steele for a publisher: he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years; and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is likely to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. TOOKE.

London, July 10, 1710.

SIR,

ENCLOSED I have sent the Key,* and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the respective pages they refer to, than printing them at the end by themselves. As to the cuts,† Sir Andrew Fountaine has had them from the time they were designed, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; so that I think they must be laid aside; for, unless they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not so careless but that I

* For the Tale of a Tub.
† Which are very contemptible.

took a copy of it before I sent it to you; so that I could have printed it easily, but that you sent me word not to go on till you had altered some things in it. As to that cousin of yours which you speak of, I neither knew him, nor ever heard of him till the Key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on first, the Tale or the Miscellanies: but, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things should be sent over out of Ireland, which you had not here; which I think, is a very reasonable excuse for myself in all these affairs. What I beg of you at present is, that you would return the Apology and this Key, with directions as to the placing it: although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page; yet shall submit. If this be not done soon, I cannot promise but some rascal or other will do it for us both; since you see the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been lost in the Miscellanies; therefore hasten that; and whichever is in the most forwardness, I would begin on first. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin Castle, July 23, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

ABOUT two days ago I received the enclosed, that is sealed up, and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which, requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the meantime I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may

expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my Lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way, I have sent you some of this day's news: to which I must add, that Drs. Bysse * and Robinson † are likely to be the Bishops of Bristol and St. David's: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations, and fall of stocks; insomuch that it is thought they will not venture at dissolving the Parliament in such a crisis. I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely,

J. Addison.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it, but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he, or anybody living can do.

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* Philip, first made Bishop of St. David's, and then of Hereford.—B.

† John; he was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, November 19, 1710, and translated to the see of London in March, 1713–14.—H.

LETTERS,

DURING

LORD OXFORD'S ADMINISTRATION.

LETTERS,

DURING

LORD OXFORD'S ADMINISTRATION.

THESE letters deserve to be separated from the others, as throwing light upon that important portion of our author's life, when he was so long the champion of High-church interest and Tory administration. It is well worth while to compare the sentiments which Swift's several letters express, on the one hand, with the regular historical tracts which he compiled in reference to this period; and on the other, with his frank and hasty Journal to Stella, in which he gave way to the unpremeditated feelings of the moment.

FROM THE IRISH BISHOPS,

TO THE BISHOPS OF OSSORY AND KILLALOE.

Dublin, Aug. 31, 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

WHEREAS several applications have been made to her majesty about the first-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to her majesty by the clergy of this kingdom, beseeching her majesty, that she would be graciously pleased to extend her bounty to the clergy

here, in such a manner as the convocation have humbly laid before her majesty, or as her majesty shall in her goodness and wisdom think fit; and the said applications lie still before her majesty; and we do hope, from her royal bounty, a favourable answer.

We do therefore entreat your lordships to take on you the solicitation of that affair, and to use such proper methods and applications, as you in your prudence shall judge most likely to be effectual. We have likewise desired the bearer, Dr. Swift, to concern himself with you, being persuaded of his diligence and good affection; and we desire, that if your lordships' occasions require your leaving London before you have brought the business to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it advisable so to do. We are your lordships' most humble servants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.
W. CASSEL.
W. KILDARE.
W. MEATH.
W. KILLALA.

To the Right Rev. Fathers in God, John, Lord Bishop of Ossory, and Thomas, Lord Bishop of Killaloe.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

My Lord,

I arrived here on Thursday last, and inquiring for the two bishops, I found my Lord of Ossory * was gone some time ago, and the Bishop of Killaloe † I could not hear of till next day, when I found he was set out early in the morning for Ireland; so that the letter to their lordships is so far to no purpose. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither shall I much inquire; and to say the truth, I was less solicitous to ask after the Bishop of Killaloe, when I heard the other was gone.

They tell me all affairs in the Treasury are governed by Mr. Harley, and that he is the person usually applied to; only of late, my Lord Poulet, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himself a little, and endeavours to be as significant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting some interest with his lordship, who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no personal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. Harley, who formerly made some advances towards me; and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well: but I am inclined to suspend any

* Dr. John Hartstonge was Bishop of Ossory from 1693 to 1714.

† Dr. Thomas Lindsay, Bishop of Killaloe from March 1696, was translated to Raphoe June 6, 1713, to Armagh January 4th following; and died July 13, 1724.

particular solicitations until I hear from your grace, and am informed what progress the two bishops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will desire to send me.

Upon my arrival here, I found myself equally caressed by both parties, by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their designs, and therefore ready to approve present things. I was to visit my Lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether short, dry, and morose, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to see you.* I complained of it to some of his friends, as having, as I thought, for some reasons, deserved much the contrary from his lordship: they said, to excuse him, that he was overrun with spleen and peevishness upon the present posture of affairs, and used nobody better. It may be new to your grace to tell you some circumstances of his removal. A letter was sent him by the groom of the queen's stables, to desire he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way, both to her majesty and him. Mr. Smith, chancellor of the exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his staff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. Smith to be witness that he had obeyed the queen's commands; and sent him to the queen with a letter and message, which Mr. Smith delivered, and at the same time surrendered up his own office.

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* In his more confidential communication to Stella, he acknowledges, "I am almost vowing revenge;" which he took in the satire entitled Sid Hamet's Rod.

The parliament is certainly to be dissolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of Whigs in employment are resolved not to resign; and a certain lord told me, he had been the giver of that advice, and did, in my presence, prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great post to promise the same thing. Only Mr. Boyle,* they say, is resolved to give up. Everybody counts infallibly upon a general removal. The Duke of Queensberry, it is said, will be steward; my Lord Cholmondeley is gone over to the new interest, with great indignation of his friends. It is affirmed by the Tories, that the great motive of these changes was the absolute necessity of a peace, which they thought the Whigs were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater violence and expense, and more competitors, than ever was known; yet the town is much fuller of people than usual at this time of the year, waiting till they see some issue of the matter. The Duke of Ormond is much talked of for Ireland, and I imagine he believed something of it himself. Mr. Harley is looked upon as first minister, and not my Lord Shrewsbury, and his grace helps on the opinion, whether out of policy or truth; upon all occasions, professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. Harley. The queen continues at Kensington indisposed with the gout, of which she has frequent returns.

I deferred writing to your grace as late as I could this post, until I might have something to entertain you; but there is such a universal uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some amusement to tell you the sentiments of people here,

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* Youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford; and, after the accession of George I., created Lord Carleton.

and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring; for it is thought there are not three people in England entirely in the secret; nor is it sure, whether even those three are agreed in what they intend to do.

I am, with great respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have not time to read this, and correct the literal mistakes.

I was to wait on the Duke of Ormond to set him right in the story of the college, about the statue,* &c.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, Sept. 16, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED yours by the last packets, of September the ninth; and because you have missed the two bishops, I send you, with this, the papers relating to the first-fruits and twentieth parts. I send them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The bishops, so far as I can learn from the Bishop of Ossory, have not made any step since I left London. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the bishops

* Some young gentlemen of the university took the truncheon out of the right hand of the equestrian statue of King William III. on College-Green, and were expelled for it.

to solicit that affair. In the meantime, open the letter to the two bishops, and make use of it as occasion shall serve. The scheme I had laid for them is crossed by my lord-treasurer's being out; though, perhaps, that would not have done; but her majesty's promise I depended on, and I had engaged the Archbishop of York in it. When he comes to London, I will give you a letter to him. I can likewise find means, I believe, to possess my Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Harley, with the reasonableness of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properness of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her majesty herself by a letter, modestly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time so proper, as when there is no lord lieutenant of Ireland, which perhaps may be soon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour, as you describe your great *visitee* * to have been; nor does the good news from Spain † clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have served their occasions as well.

I do not apprehend any other secret in all this affair, but to get Whigs out of all places of profit and trust, and to get others in them. As for peace, it must be on no other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a Tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to prosecute the war, as the Whigs were, or they are not the wise men I take them to be. If they do so, and take care to have the money well disposed of when given, they will break the King of France's heart, and the Whigs' together, and please the nation. There's an ugly

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* The Earl of Godolphin. See the preceding letter.

† Probably of the battle near Saragoza, in which King Charles of Spain gained a complete victory over his competitor, King Philip, on the 10th of August, 1710.—B.

accident, that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and first-fruits: at midsummer, 1709, there was ready money in the treasury, and good solvent debts to the queen, to the value of £70,000. Now I am told by the last week's abstract, there is only £223 in the treasury, and the army unpaid, at least uncleared for a year; and all others, except pensioners, in the same condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majesty, to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearness of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you.

I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

TO DEAN STERNE.

SIR, London, Sept. 26, 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter, yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either consist of news, which you hear as soon by the public papers, or of persons and things, to which you are a stranger, and are the wiser and happier for being so. Here have been great men every day resigning their places; a resignation as sincere as that of a usurer on his death-bed. Here are some, that fear being whipped because they have broken their rod; and some that may be called to an account, because they could not cast one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be disposed of, which, according to our com-

putation, may be done in as many days. Patrick* assures me his acquaintance are all very well satisfied with these changes, which I take for no ill symptom, and it is certain the queen has never appeared so easy or so cheerful. I found my Lord Godolphin the worst dissembler of any of them that I have talked to; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord-lieutenant† is gone to the country, to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed; because they say it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the Duke of Shrewsbury or Ormond‡ stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Meantime the pamphlets and half sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them, and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The Whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit, fly over to his successor, with the other ensigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my Lord Archbishop of Dublin, or rather two letters upon these memorials. I think immediately to begin my soliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know, whether my lord archbishop would have the same method

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* Dr. Swift's Irish servant. † Earl of Wharton.—B.

‡ The Duke of Ormond was appointed lord-lieutenant, Oct. 19, 1710.—B.

taken here, that has been done in England, to settle it by parliament: but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I must here tell you, that the Dean of St. Patrick's lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller,* who tells me, he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I saw Collector Sterne,† who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business; by which I told him, I guessed he was putting you off about something you desired.

I would much rather be now in Ireland drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you lost a crown at penny-ombre. I am weary of the caresses of great men out of place. The comptroller expects every day the queen's commands to break his staff. He is the last great household officer they intend to turn out. My lord-lieutenant is yet in, because they cannot agree about his successor.

I am your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Sir John Holland, Bart.—H.

† Enoch Sterne, Esq., Collector of Wicklow, and clerk of the House of Lords in Ireland.—F.

A MEMORIAL OF DR. SWIFT'S

TO MR. HARLEY ABOUT THE FIRST-FRUITS.

October 17, 1710.

In Ireland, hardly one parish in ten has any glebe, and the rest very small and scattered, except a very few, and these have seldom any houses.

There are in proportion more impropriations in Ireland than in England, which added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of £50 *per annum;* but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced in their own or neighbouring parish, to take farms to live at rack-rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of England, the Bishop of Cloyne, being then in London, did petition her majesty for the same favour in behalf of the clergy in Ireland, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an issue during the governments of the Duke of Ormond, and Earl of Pembroke.

Upon the Earl of Wharton's succeeding, Dr. Swift (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government,) was *desired** by the bishops of Ireland to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not

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* Originally written, *directed.*—N.

consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly, an address was delivered to his lordship, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to understand and report it so to the court, the convocation was suddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the first-fruits let fall as desperate.

The subject of the petition was to desire, that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the first-fruits made a fund for purchasing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding churches.

The twentieth parts are twelve pence in the pound paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices, as they were valued at the reformation. They amount to about £500 *per annum;* but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The first-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to £450 *per annum;* so that her majesty, in remitting about £1000 *per annum* to the clergy, will really lose not above £500.

Upon August 31, 1710, the two houses of convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbishops and bishops conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to resume their applications, did, in their private capacities, sign a power to the said Dr. Swift, to solicit the remitting of the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burden than this, and almost intolerable, upon several of the clergy in Ireland; the easing of which, the clergy only looked on as a

thing to be wished, without making it part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of several parishes, and the incumbent pays her half-yearly a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and sometimes half. Some of these parishes, [yielding no income to the vicar,*] by the increase of graziers, are seized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reserved rent! The value of all these impropriations are about £2000 *per annum* to her majesty.

If the queen would graciously please to bestow likewise these impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large and the living small, and the rest to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building churches, it would be a most pious and seasonable bounty.

The utmost value of the twentieth parts, first-fruits, and crown-rents, is £3000 *per annum*, of which about £500 *per annum* is sunk among officers; so that her majesty, by this great benefaction, would lose but £2500 *per annum*.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

My Lord,

I had the honour of your grace's letter of September 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something

* The words in hooks are crossed over in the MS.

that I think worth troubling you, because I am very sensible how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the memorial, &c., in another packet; and I beg your grace to enclose whatever packets you send me (I mean of bulk) under a paper directed to Mr. Steele, at his office in the Cock-pit, and not for me at Mr. Steele's. I should have been glad the bishops had been here, although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except in their own concerns. They cannot give themselves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two lordships might have succeeded easier than men of my level can reasonably hope to do.

As soon as I received the packets, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. Harley's own case.* He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem, as I was whispered that he would; and the more, upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I gave him a history of the whole business, and the steps that had been made in it; which he heard as I could wish; and promised with great readiness his best credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met

* Harley was educated a Whig; and professing the principles of that party, was secretary of state under Godolphin's administration. But when he lost that place, in 1708, he closed definitively with the Tories.

with from lords-lieutenants and their secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would shew my memorial, with the first opportunity: in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said, "it was a great encouragement to the bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviser of the queen to grant the same favour in England; that the honour and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen; but that it was nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an occasion of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church." He received my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises with great kindness.

Your grace will please to know that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and shewed the nature and value of them; but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to Lord Wharton with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked upon myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture. I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents; the other had none. In case he had waved the motion of the crown-rents, I would have given him the last, but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and

may possibly do good. However, I beg your grace to say nothing of it, but if it dies, let it die in silence; we must take up with what can be got.

I forgot to tell your grace, that when I said I was empowered, &c., he desired to see my powers; and then I heartily wished they had been a little more ample; and I have since wondered what scruple a number of bishops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any prospect or imagination of interest for himself, further than about ten shillings a-year.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day; but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment.

He said, Mr. Secretary St. John desires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together, which may be of farther help: although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself; wherein he differed from me, desiring I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of doing things alone. But an old courtier, (an intimate friend of mine,) with whom I consulted, advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen.*

I find I am forced to say all this very casually, just as it lies in my memory: but, perhaps, it may give your grace a truer notion of what passed than if I had writ in more order. Besides, I am forced to omit the greatest part of what I said, being not

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* The adviser's experience enabled him to anticipate a tendency not peculiar to the Tory minister, to be pleased with those who professed exclusive reliance on his interest. And, indeed, the jealousy which, three years after, Harley evinced with respect to St. John, was one main cause of the dissolution of their friendship.

proper for a letter at such a distance; for I told very freely the late causes which had stopped this matter, and removed many odious misrepresentations, &c.

I beg whatever letters are sent to bishops or others in this matter, by your grace or the primate, may be enclosed to me, that I may stifle or deliver them, as the course of the affair shall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you say it needs advice; and I am sure it is not from me, who shall not presume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ you may form some judgment or other.

As for public affairs, I confess I began this letter on a half sheet, merely to limit myself on a subject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any access to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politics of a coffee-house. I have known some great ministers, who would seem to discover the very inside of their hearts, when I was sure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had said at Charing-Cross. But I never knew one great minister, who made any scruple to mould the alphabet into whatever words he pleased; or to be more difficult about any facts, than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home: so that whoever has so little to do, as to desire some knowledge in secrets of state, must compare what he hears from several great men, as from one great man at several times, which is equally different. People were surprised, when the court stopped its hands as to farther removals; the comptroller, a lord of the admiralty, and some others, told me, they expected every day to be dismissed; but they were all deceived, and the higher Tories are very angry; but some time ago, at Hampton-court, I picked out

the reason from a dozen persons; and told Sir John Holland, I would lay a wager he would not lose his staff so soon as he imagined. The ministry are afraid of too great a majority of their own side in the House of Commons, and therefore stopped short in their changes; yet some refiners think they have gone too far already, for of thirty new members in the present elections, about twenty-six are Tories. The Duke of Ormond seems still to stand the fairest for Ireland; although I hear some faint hopes they will not nominate very soon. The ruin of the late party was owing to a great number, and a complication of causes, which I have had from persons able enough to inform me; and that is all we can mean by a good hand, for the veracity is not to be relied on. The Duchess of Marlborough's removal has been seven years working: that of the treasurer above three, and he was to be dismissed before Lord Sunderland. Besides the many personal causes, that of breaking measures settled for a peace four years ago, had a great weight, when the French had complied with all terms, &c. In short, they apprehended the whole party to be entirely against a peace, for some time, until they were rivetted fast, too fast to be broke, as they otherwise expected, if the war should conclude too soon. I cannot tell (for it is just come into my head) whether some unanimous addresses, from those who love the church in Ireland, or from Dublin, or your grace and the clergy, might not be seasonable; or, whether my Lord Wharton's being not yet suspended may yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace, that the memorial* I gave Mr. Harley was drawn up by myself, and was an abstract of what I had said to him; it was as

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* Inserted a few pages before.

short as I could make it; that which you sent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. Harley; but I must humbly beg your grace's pardon if I say no more at present, for reasons I may shortly let you know. In the meantime, I desire your grace to believe me, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

And most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, October 24, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,

I THANK you for yours of the 10th instant, and send you enclosed a farther power by my lord primate and me.* My lord is not able to come to town, which obliged me to wait on him at Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it who are yet in town: but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops: but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You may expect by the next a letter to his grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbishop of York. I apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke

* See the subsequent letter.

to her majesty about it; I am not sure that her majesty remembers what I said on that subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things, but such a crowd of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM LORD-PRIMATE MARSH AND ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, October 24, 1710.

SIR,

WE directed a letter to the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe last August, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her majesty; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from England before the business could

be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it, having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we entreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know, from time to time, what progress is made in it. And if anything farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our prayers for the good success of your endeavours, is all from, sir,

Yours, &c. NARCISSUS ARMAGH,
WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.*

Dublin, Nov. 2, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,

THE declaration of his grace the Duke of Ormond to be our lord-lieutenant, has stopped the farther letters of recommendation designed to be sent to you, because the bishops were unwilling to solicit the affair of the first-fruits and twentieth parts by any

* The annunciation in this letter, that the Irish clergy proposed to retract their application by Swift to Harley, and to use only the intercession of the Duke of Ormond, seems to have given our author great and reasonable offence. See Journal to Stella.

other hand. I gave them some account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr. Southwell* to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and desire you to wait on him with them, and take your own measures in soliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that some expressed a little jealousy that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers, intimating that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power. You may remember I asked you the question before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldness I found in some, I soon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumstances will induce you to exert yourself with more vigour: and, if it should succeed, you have gained your point; whereas, if you should fail, it would cause no reflections, that having been the fate of so many before you.

I can be very little useful to you at this distance; but if you foresee anything wherein I may be serviceable to the business, or yourself, you may command, sir,

Yours, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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* Secretary of state for Ireland.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, Nov. 4, 1710.

I am most unhappily engaged this night, where I cannot write to your grace so long a letter as I intended; but I will make it up in a post or two. I have only now to tell you, that Mr. Harley has given me leave to acquaint my lord-primate and your grace, that the queen has granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of Ireland. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a secret, as I hinted to your grace in my last letter. He has now given me leave to let your grace and my lord-primate know it; only desires you will say nothing of it until a letter comes to you from my Lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. All I know yet is, that the bishops are to be made a corporation for the disposal of the first-fruits, and that the twentieth parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiations, and some other amusements very soon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord-primate with this. I had your grace's letter last post; and you will now see that your letters to the archbishops here are unnecessary. I was a little in pain about the Duke of Ormond, who, I feared, might interpose in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. Harley has very kindly taken this matter upon himself. It was yesterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and to-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I shall obey your grace's directions, whether my stay here be farther

necessary, after you have had the letter from the secretary's office. I know not what it will be; but if any forms remain to finish, I shall be ready to assist in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with Mr. Harley's conduct in this whole affair. In three days he spoke of it to the queen, and gave her my memorial, and so continued until he got her grant. I am now in much company, and steal this time to write to your grace. The queen was resolved to have the whole merit of this affair to herself. Mr. Harley advised her to it; and next to her majesty he is the only person to be thanked. I suppose it will not be many days before you have the letter from my Lord Dartmouth; and your grace will afterward signify your commands, if you have any for me. I shall go to the office, and see that a dispatch be made as soon as possible. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, Nov. 16, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE before me yours of the 4th instant, which I received two posts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of use to you in particular, which I heartily wish. My lord-primate is out of town, and I have not seen him since I received

yours, nor do I see any haste to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a secret of it. I durst not have said anything of it if you had not given me the caution, lest any accident should intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raise expectations, if he should not be able to satisfy them. I understand that her majesty designed this should be her own act; but the good instruments, that have been subservient, ought not to be forgot; and, with God's help, I will do my endeavour that they shall not.* I shall be impatient to see the accomplishment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about choosing parliament men, on a supposition that this parliament will be dissolved as soon as yours in England. And it is remarkable, that such as design to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes, than those that have some faint intentions to serve it. It would prevent a great deal of needless charges and heats, if we certainly knew whether we should have a new parliament or not.

All business in Chancery, and in truth all public business, is at a stand, by the indisposition of my lord chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged most unhappily this night, to excuse this short letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to say but my prayers for you, &c. WILL. DUBLIN.

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* The discerning reader, during this whole correspondence, will observe Swift's anxiety, that his friend Harley should have the full merit of the grant to the clergy of Ireland, while Archbishop King, not very partial, it would appear, to the new administration, was rather disposed to consider it as an act of the queen's personal favour and bounty.

MR. THOMAS SWIFT* TO MR. HARLEY.

Puttenham, Nov. 21, 1710.

SIR,

THE distressed Dove having hovered long upon the wing, and seen all things round her covered with Discord's universal deluge, so that she can find no rest for the sole of her foot, closes up her wearied wings, and presents her olive to you.

That olive, which as it was thought at that time the fittest of all things to be sent to Noah as a sign of the fall of those waters, so may it prove now an auspicious hieroglyph of the abatement of these.

Her humility, sir, makes her lay this olive at your feet, which should rather be made into a wreath to adorn your head, whose wisdom and justice, like that of Noah's, has preserved you from that flood which overturned the Old World, and has made you judged worthy to be continued as the patriarch of the New.

By which at the helm of this tossed ark, you ride it out secure: for although your vessel, like St. Paul's, is beaten upon by two seas; yet, by your great skill, you bear up against these impetuous

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* The author of this conceited and pedantic dedication was Swift's "parson-cousin," who had given himself airs of having written the Tale of a Tub. See Swift's letter to Ben. Tooke, June 29, 1710. The full title of the sermon was, "Noah's Dove; an exhortation to Peace, set forth in a sermon preached on the 7th November, 1710." A bookseller feloniously reprinted it, with an advertisement calling it *Dr. Swift's Sermon*, of which our author complains in his Journal. When Lord Oxford wished to teaze our author, he used to call him Dr. Thomas Swift.

engaging waves, steer between those dangerous quicksands, whereon less skilful pilots have shipwrecked, and stem these tides of state.

Sir, that most human, most Christian virtue, which has often been so earnestly recommended from the throne, and so little regarded by those about it; which is praised by so many, and understood by so few; which is still cried up by those that are down, and cried down by those that are up; acknowledges that cool evenness of temper, which is so fitting for a great man, and therefore hopes to find a patron in you.

A virtue, which I have formerly seen so much of in my own wise patron,* that I cannot but honour it in any other person in whom I discern the perfections of it; and if the notions I have of it are either not so exact as they should be, or not so lively expressed; to make my readers full amends for what disappointment they may find in my defects, I turn their eyes upon one, in whom they may see the just features of that which I desire you to accept of as a sufficient apology for the dedication here presented you by

Your honour's

most obedient, most humble servant,

THOS. SWIFT.

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* Sir William Temple, to whom he had been chaplain.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Nov. 23, 1710.

My Lord,

I had your grace's letter* not until this day: whether it lay in the secretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have exposed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. Southwell told me two days ago of the letter† your grace mentions, which suprised me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ to your grace three weeks ago, that the queen had absolutely granted the first-fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. Harley had permitted me to signify the same to the primate and your grace. Perhaps that letter might not have reached your grace before that resolution of sending to the Duke of Ormond; but, however, I gave you such an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and his readiness to undertake this affair, and what steps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you some sight in what way the business was; but Mr. Harley charged me to tell nobody

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* That which is dated Nov. 2.

† A letter to Mr. Southwell from the Bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, requesting him to move the queen to take off the first-fruits; which was accompanied by another letter directing him to take the papers out of Swift's hands, from an idea that he would be unpopular with the Tory party. See the Archbishop's letter of 2d November, and the Journal, where Swift tells Stella that he wrote a very warm answer upon the subject; and directs her to make it public that the thing was done, and that Harley had the merit.

alive what the queen had resolved on, till he gave me leave; and by the conclusion of a former letter, your grace might see you were to expect some farther intelligence very soon. Your grace may remember, that upon your telling me how backward the bishops were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and sent the Dean of St. Patrick's* to tell you so; but you thought I could not handsomely put it off, when things were gone so far. Your objection then, about the disadvantage I lay under in point of party, I knew well enough how to answer, otherwise nothing should have prevailed on me to come hither; and if my lords the bishops doubt whether I have any credit with the present ministry, I will, if they please, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace understood and believed me in what I said; and I reckon so still: but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving so many. I never proposed to myself either credit or profit by my labour, but the satisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or not: but the method now taken was the likeliest way to set all things backward, if it were not past danger. It shall be my business (until my lords the bishops forbid me to engage farther) to prevent any misunderstanding with Mr. Harley by this sudden step. The thing was all done before the Duke of Ormond was named for lord-lieutenant, so there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. Harley told me more than once, that such an interest was the properest, because he thought the queen herself should have the doing of it: but I said a great deal of this in former letters. If your grace has any commands for me of your own, I shall

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* Dr. Sterne.—N.

obey them with all cheerfulness, being, with great respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, London, Nov. 28, 1710.

A DAY or two after I received your grace's letter of the second instant, I dined with Mr. Southwell, who shewed me the letter of the bishops to the Duke of Ormond, and another letter from the Bishop of Kildare* to Mr. Southwell, to desire him to get the papers from me, which I shall send him as soon as I have looked them out. Mr. Southwell said, that a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of his journey, it would be time enough to solicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly, that the queen had already granted the first-fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. Harley's directions, but that my letter did not reach you until yours was sent to the duke and him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd step to begin again. He said, he was glad it was done, and that he did not design to take any of the credit from me, &c. I told him sincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about, and so we parted. I had told the Duke of Ormond

* Dr. Welbore Ellis.

at first that I would apply myself to Mr. Harley if his grace advised it, which he did; and I afterward told Mr. Southwell, that Mr. Harley had been very kind in promising his good offices: farther I durst not speak, being under an engagement of secrecy to Mr. Harley; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord-lieutenant. If your grace considers the time you sent me the paper, you will judge what dispatch was made; in two days after, I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. Harley: and in less than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me she had granted it absolutely, as my memorial desired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember, that one of my letters ended with something as if I were limited, and would say more in a short time. In about a week after, I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th instant. It is to be considered, that the queen was all this while at Hampton-Court or Windsor, so that I think the dispatch was very great. But indeed, I expected a letter would have been sent from the secretary's office, to signify this matter in due form; and so it will: but Mr. Harley had a mind first to bring me to the queen, for that and some other matters; and she came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was designed I should attend her, and, since, the parliament's beginning has taken her up; but in a few days, Mr. Harley tells me he will introduce me.* This I tell

* In this Swift was disappointed. He was never introduced to Queen Anne, owing, doubtless, to the various misrepresentations made of his religious principles. But the ministers were either at this period not aware of these prejudices themselves, or anxious to conceal them from a person whom they wished to conciliate.

your grace in confidence, only to satisfy you in particular, why the queen has not yet sent a letter in form. Upon that dispatch to Mr. Southwell, I was perplexed to the last degree. I did not value the slighting manner of the Bishop of Kildare's letter, barely desiring Mr. Southwell to call on me for the papers, without anything farther, as if I had been wholly insignificant; but I was at a loss how to behave myself with the duke and Mr. Harley. I met the latter yesterday in the Court of Requests, and he whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him of the dispatch to Mr. Southwell, and rallied him for putting me under difficulties with his secrets; that I was running my head against a wall; that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favour; that I should disoblige the Duke of Ormond; and that the bishops in Ireland thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my commission. He told me, your lordship had taken it away in good time, for the thing was done; and that, as for the Duke of Ormond, I need not be uneasy; for he would let his grace know it as soon as he saw him, which would be in a day or two, at the Treasury; and then promised again to carry me to the queen, with the first opportunity. Your grace now sees how the affair stands, and whether I deserve such treatment from the bishops; from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wish my first letter, about the progress I had made, had found so much credit with you, as to have delayed that dispatch until you heard once more from me. I had at least so much discretion, not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather less; and if I had consulted my own interest, I should have employed my credit with the present ministry another way. The bishops are mistaken in me; it is well known

here, that I could have made my markets with the last ministry if I had pleased; and the present men in power are very well apprised of it, as your grace may, if I live to see you again; which I certainly never would in Ireland, if I did not flatter myself that I am upon a better foot with your grace, than with some other of their lordships. Your grace is pleased to command me to continue my solicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, so I think my commission is at an end, ever since I had notice of that dispatch to Mr. Southwell. However, in obedience to your grace, if there be anything to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my service can be of use, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but I must tell your grace what gives me the greatest displeasure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen should in some months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial, but in an article by itself; and which Mr. Harley had given me some hopes of, and I have some private reasons to think might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the memorial, only as from myself; and therefore, if I have an opportunity, I shall venture to mention it to the queen, or at least repeat it to Mr. Harley. This I do as a private man, whom the bishops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all civilities, and make applications to a lord-lieutenant; but, without some other means, a business may hang long enough, as this of the first-fruits did for four years under the Duke of Ormond's last government, although no man loves the church of Ireland better than his grace; but such things are forgot and neglected between the governor and his secretaries, unless solicited by somebody who has the business at heart. But I have done, and shall trouble your grace no farther upon this affair; and on other

occasions, while I am here, will endeavour to entertain you with what is likely to pass in this busy scene, where all things are taking a new, and I think, a good turn; and where, if you please, I will write to you, with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I shall be prouder to obey, than to have ever so much merit with some others; being, with perfect respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Your grace will please to direct for me at St. James's Coffeehouse, St. James's-Street.

Two hundred members supped last night at the Fountain tavern, where they went to determine about a chairman for elections. Medlicot and Manley were the two candidates; but the company could not agree, and parted in an ill humour. It is a matter of some moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up; but the great rock we are afraid of, is a dissension among the majority,* because the weakest part, when they grow discontented, know where to retire and be received.

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* Meaning between the High-Tories, who formed afterwards the October Club, and those adherents of Harley's administration, who, under his countenance, were desirous to avoid extremities with the Whigs.

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FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.*

Dublin, Nov. 30, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d, by last packet. I was aware of what you observed, when the letter to his grace was signed; but it was before I received yours of the 4th instant, wherein you tell me, that the business was in effect done; nor could I have any certain prospect that it would be done from any intimation that I had before from you. You must know that this was not the only thing displeased me in the letter; it was drawn and signed by some before I saw it. I looked on it as a snare laid in my way; nor must you wonder that some are better at making their court, than serving the church; and can flatter much better than vote on the right side. Those that had rendered themselves justly obnoxious by deserting his grace's† friends and interest in notorious instances, think they have salved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove so.

But if the matter be done, assure yourself it will be known by whom, and what means it was effected.

In the meantime, God forbid you should think of

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* In this letter the worthy archbishop makes but an indifferent apology for the ill usage he had received from the bishops in recalling his commission in the moment he had executed it successfully. It seems obvious that he was unwilling to think that Harley's pledge obtained by Swift was likely to be redeemed by an effectual grant of the first-fruits.

† The Duke of Ormond.

slacking your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to say anything of the matter from your letter; and while so, it would be hard for me to refuse to sign such a letter as that you mention, or find a pretence for so doing; but when the business is done, the means and methods will likewise be known, and everybody have their due that contributed to it.

I shall reckon nothing done till the queen's letter come here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my Lord Pembroke's time, that the queen had passed the grant; which, after a whole year's expectation and solicitation, proved only a mouthful of moonshine. But, if it succeeds better now, we must owe it, next to the queen's goodness and bounty, to the great care of the great man to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is seven or eight years since we first attempted this affair, and it passed through several hands; yet no progress was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, instead of promoting, obstructed it. At the very first motion, it was promised, and in a fair way; but the bishops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the same wrong step they would have done now; and we could never make the least progress since, till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You must not imagine, that it is out of any disaffection to you, or any distrust of your ability or diligence, that the bishops here were so cold in their employing you; but they reckon on party; and though several knew what you were, yet they imagined, and some vouched, that you were looked on at court as engaged on the other side; and you cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue, to their shame and conviction.

I heartily recommend you and your business to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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FROM THE SAME.

Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.

SIR,

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 28th ult., which came not to my hands till Thursday last, by reason of winds, that kept the packets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c., is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain till her majesty's letter comes in form; and quære, why should you not come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the dispatch you gave to this affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the person fit to be employed, than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profess themselves Whigs. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people; who never had any merit, but, by embroiling things, they did, and I am afraid will yet do,

mischief. You will soon hear of a great conspiracy discovered in the county of Westmeath.* I was used to so many discoveries of plots in the latter end of King Charles's time, and the beginning of King James's, that I am not surprised at this discovery. I must not say anything of it, till all the witnesses be examined: so many as have deposed are not decisive. The design of it is to shew all the gentlemen of Ireland to be a pack of desperate Whigs, ready to rise up in arms against her majesty, for the old ministry, associating to that purpose. Whether it be for the interest of Ireland to have this believed, you may judge; and sure there must be good evidence to make any reasonable man believe it. Mr. Higgins † has drawn up the narrative, and sent it to England, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour; and am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Dec. 30, 1710.

MY LORD,

I HAVE just received your grace's letter of the 16th; and I was going, however, to write again to your grace, not upon business, but to amuse you with

* The information of Dominick Langton, a converted priest, against Mr. Mears and others, for an association against the queen and ministry, which was afterwards voted false and scandalous by the Irish House of Commons.

† Already mentioned as a violent high-churchman, who made himself very busy in the political intrigues and controversial discussions of the period.

something from hence, which no man wants more than your grace, considering the variety of other people's affairs you have always on your hands, as well as the church's and your own, which are the same thing. The Duke of Ormond told me the other day that the primate declined very fast, and was hardly able to sign a paper. I said, I wondered they would put him in the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth past. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty, in representing you as the person the kingdom wishes to succeed him. I know not how your dispositions stand that way. I know my lord president has great credit at present, and I have understood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only say, I have no regard to your interest in this, but that of the church; and therefore should be very glad to drop in a word where it lies in my way, if I thought it would not be disagreeable to you. I dread their sending a person from hence, which I shall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and should be glad to see a primate of our own kingdom and university; and that is all I shall venture to say on this subject.

Marshal Staremberg* has certainly got to Saragossa with 7000 men, and the Duke of Vendosme† has sent him his equipage. Mr. Stanhope was positive to part forces with Staremberg, which occasioned this loss; and when the battle was, they were several miles asunder.‡ The Duke of Marl-

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* General and commander of the Imperial forces of Spain.—F.

† Commander of the French.—F.

‡ This refers to the battle of Villa Viciosa, where General Stanhope, who, with the British troops, was quartered at twenty miles distant from the Imperialists, was surprised by the Duc de Vendosme and his whole force, and obliged to surrender prisoners of war. Staremberg, the Imperial general, moved to Stanhope's

borough was yesterday an hour with the queen; it was sent him at twelve noon, when it was likely his visit should be shortest. Mr. St. John was with her just before, and Mr. Harley just after. The duke's behaviour was with the most abject submission: "that he was the meanest of her majesty's instruments; her humble creature; a poor worm," &c. This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it; for the ministers never tell anything; and it is only by picking out and comparing that one can ever be the wiser for them. I took leave yesterday of Lord Peterborow, who is going in a day or two to Vienna: I said I wished he were going to Spain; he told me, "he hoped his present journey would be to more purpose:" and by what I can gather, they will use all means to make as speedy a peace as possible, with safety and honour. Lord Rivers tells me he will not set out for Hanover this month. I asked him about his late reception there, because the town was full of stories about it; he assured me he could not desire a better; and if it were otherwise, I believe he would hardly be pitched upon to be sent again. The young people in Parliament are very eager to have some inquiries made into past managements, and are a little angry with the slackness of the ministry upon that article; they say, they have told those who sent them, that the queen's calling a new Parliament was to correct and look into former abuses; and if something of the latter be not done, they know not how to answer it. I am not altogether satisfied how the ministry is dis-

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assistance, and though he arrived too late for that purpose, yet fought a desperate battle, and was enabled to retreat to Saragossa, after killing 6000 of the enemy. The Tories were disposed to throw all the discredit of this disaster upon the obstinacy of Stanhope, who was a violent Whig.

posed in this point. Your grace has heard there was much talk lately of Sir Richard Levintz's * design to impeach Lord Wharton; and several persons of great consideration in the house assured me they would give him all encouragement; and I have reason to know, it would be acceptable to the court: but Sir Richard is the most timorous man alive, and they all begin to look upon him in that character, and to hope nothing from him; † however, they talk of some other inquiries when the Parliament meets after this recess; and it is often mentioned in people's mouths, that February will be a warm month; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope your grace will distinguish between what I affirm, and what I report: as to the first, you may securely count upon it; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

Since the letter from the bishops to the Duke of Ormond, I have been a much cooler solicitor; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed person. Your grace may be fully satisfied that the thing is granted, because I had orders to report it to you from the prime minister; the rest is form, and may be done at any time; as for bringing the letter over myself, I must again profess to your grace, that I do not regard the reputation of it at all; perhaps I might if I were in Ireland; but, when I am on this side, a certain pride seizes me, from very different usage I meet with, which makes me look on things in another light: but, besides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the ministry have desired me to continue

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* Speaker of the House of Commons, and lord chief-justice of the queen's bench.—H.

† Accordingly the proposed impeachment fell to the ground, though Swift, who, to use his own expression, "hated Wharton like a toad," did all he could to pave the way for it by his severely satirical "Character" of that nobleman.

here some time longer, for certain reasons, that I may some time have the honour to tell you. As for everybody's knowing what is done in the first-fruits, it was I that told it; for, after I saw the bishop's letter, I let every one know it in perfect spite, and told Mr. Harley and Mr. Secretary St. John so.* However, in humble deference to your grace's opinion, and not to appear sullen, I did yesterday complain to Mr. Secretary St. John, that Mr. Harley had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the first-fruits; that I had lost reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuses of Parliament business, and grief for the loss in Spain, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I had said very well, and desired I would call to him to-morrow morning, and he would engage, if Mr. Harley had not done it, he himself would in a day or two. As soon as there is any issue of this, I shall inform your grace; and I have reason to think it is a trifle they will not refuse me.

I think I had from other hands some accounts of that ridiculous plot your grace mentions,† but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the ministry mentioned a word of it to me, although they are well apprised of some affairs in Ireland; for I had two papers given me by a great man, one about the sentence of the defacers of the statue, and the other about a trial before the Lord Chief-Justice Broderick, for some words in the north, spoken by a clergyman against the queen. I suppose your grace reckons upon a new Parliament

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* In the instructions which he gives to Stella, to make the matter public, he alleges distinctly, that he wishes, by doing so, "to vex the bishops."

† The pretended plot of Dominick Langton.

in Ireland, with some alterations in the council, the law, and the revenue. Your grace is the most exact correspondent I ever had, and the Dean of St. Patrick's directly contrary, which I hope you will remember to say to him upon the occasion.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have read over this letter, and find several things relating to affairs here, that are said in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what hand they came.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

January 4, 1710–11.

MY LORD,

HAVING writ to your grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know, that on Tuesday I was to wait on Mr. Secretary St. John, who told me from Mr. Harley that I need not to be in pain about the first-fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order toward a patent; but must pass two several forms, and take up some time, for the queen designs to make a grant by her letters-patent. I shall take all due methods to hasten it as far as I am able; but in these cases they are generally pretty tedio[illegible] Mr. Harley likewise sent me the same day [illegible] another person, the same message. I dined [illegible]

him about four days ago; but there being much company, and he going away in haste pretty soon after dinner, he had not time to tell me so himself. Indeed he has been so ready to do everything in this matter, as I would have him, that he never needed pressing; which, considering both the weight and difficulty of affairs at present on his shoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a great minister before. I had thought, and so Mr. Harley told me, that the queen would have sent a letter to the bishops; but this is a shorter way, and I hope your grace will like it.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I am told from a good hand, that in a short time the House of Commons will fall upon some inquiries into the late management.

I took leave yesterday of Lord Peterborow, who, I suppose, is this day set out on his journey to Vienna;* he is a little discouraged, and told me, he did not hope for any great success in what he went upon. He is one of those many who are mightily bent upon having some such inquiries made as I have mentioned.

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* Dr. Swift repeats this passage in the Journal to Stella, of Jan. 3, 1710–11.

FROM MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Sunday, past Twelve, Jan. 7, 1710–11.

THERE are few things I would be more industrious to bring about than opportunities of seeing you. Since you was here in the morning, I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; so that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I send you this early notice, to prevent you from any other appointment.

I am ever, Reverend Sir,

your obedient humble servant.

H. ST. JOHN.

—o—

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

SIR, January 7, 1710–11.

THOUGH I should not value such usage from a Secretary of State, and a great minister; yet when I consider the person it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treasury staff at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almost resolve, in spite, not to find fault with my victuals, or be quarrelsome to-morrow at your table; but if I do not take the

first opportunity to let all the world know some qualities in you that you take most care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me, if you please, to be with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient, most obliged,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Jan. 9, 1710–11.

I RECEIVED yours of December the 30th by the last packets; it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel, because I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I strain myself to give you an answer to-night, apprehending that as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be so by the next post; and then, perhaps, I may not be able to answer you in a month, which might lose me some part of the praise you give me as a good correspondent.

As to my lord primate, he is much better since he was put into the government, and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but with God's help, hereafter I will say more on this subject.

As to what is reported of Mr. Stanhope's obstinacy,* I demur, till satisfied how far the kindness to him as a manager, influences the report.

* In insisting to separate from Staremberg, as stated by Swift in his letter of 30th December. The archbishop writes ironically,

We have received an answer from his grace the Duke of Ormond to our letter. It is in a very authentic and solemn form, "that his grace will take a proper time to lay our request before her majesty, and know her pleasure on it." By which I conclude two things: first, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majesty has made; for if he had, he would have applied immediately and sent it; and then it would have passed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haste about it. And therefore let me beseech you to solicit and press it, and get the letter dated, as when first it was promised: but I confess I have still some scruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in Ireland, for which there is a plain reason, *prægravat artes infra se positas*, &c. I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are: and as this is the time to make some use of your interest for yourself, do not forget it.

We have published here a Character of the Earl of Wharton,* late Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. I have so much charity and justice as to condemn all such proceedings. If a governor behave himself ill, let him be complained of, and punished; but to wound any man thus in the dark * * * * * * * * * When this is over, they may do what they please; and sure it will

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meaning that General Stanhope's having been one of the managers against Sacheverell, would expose him to severe construction from the Tories.

* This was Swift's own writing, see Vol. IV. The pathetic observation which follows, must have given Swift little satisfaction. Indeed, on this and other occasions, there is some appearance that Archbishop King acted from malice prepense, and took such opportunities as the present to lower what he probably considered presumption in our author.

please them to see the crow stripped of her rappareed feathers.* We begin to be in pain for the Duke of Marlborough.

I hear an answer is printing to the Earl of Wharton's Character. Pray was there ever such licentiousness of the press as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it?

I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

January 13, 1710-11.

MY gout gives me leave yet to answer yours of the 4th instant, which was very acceptable to me; because I find by it some farther steps are made in our business. I believe it will take up some time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for such an affair.† Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here, they will not write a line without their fees; and therefore I should think it necessary some fund should be thought of to fee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at present to answer it, than, if you think it necessary, to allow you to draw upon me, and a bill to this purpose, less

* This seems to allude to the threatened revocation of the grants of forfeited lands made by King William to his mistress, Lady Orkney.

† The patent was completed Feb. 7. See Journal to Stella, Feb. 9, 1710-11.—N.

than £100, shall be punctually answered. I write thus, because I have no notion how such a thing should pass the offices without some money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is necessary.

I think your ministers perfectly right to avoid all inquiry, and everything that would embroil them. To appeal to the mob, that can neither inquire nor judge, is a proceeding, that I think the common sense of mankind should condemn. Perhaps he* may deserve this usage: but a good man may fall under the same.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe some we hear of will not be.

Your observation of the two sentences † is just. You will pardon this disjointed letter. I believe my respects are better than the expressions here.

I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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* Probably the Duke of Marlborough, who, from being the idol, was now become the object of obloquy with the public. Or the archbishop may refer to the "Character of the Earl of Wharton," which he seems to have considered as an appeal to the mob, while the ministry declined any formal impeachment of that nobleman.

† Upon the defacers of King William's statue, and a clergyman who had spoken against the queen.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

February . . . 1710–11.

My Lord,

I envy none of the queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad; and I desire to know, whether, as great a soul as your lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge, after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party air. I am apt to think this schism in politics has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions; and we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny papers. The October Club, which was in its rudiments when your lordship left us, is now growing up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry; not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and I believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three* of them the other day, they seem

* Meaning Harley, St. John, and Harcourt. In a very few weeks this appearance of fraternal amity altogether disappeared; and Swift was compelled to admit that the greatest danger to the administration arose from their dissensions.

heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your lordship, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves: for even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called, "A Letter to Jacob Banks," showing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written: and in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces who write on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country: for, I dare swear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to be the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone; and I hardly ever saw a Whig and a Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themselves.

My lord, the queen knew what she did, when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court: yet, I confess I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again.

I am, my lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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FROM MR. NELSON.*

Ash Wednesday, February 22, 1710–11.

REVEREND SIR,

I BEG leave to put you in mind of the inscription which you are to prepare for the Earl of Berkeley's monument. My lady dowager has determined to have it in Latin, so that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finishing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reason of this trouble given by, reverend Sir, your most humble servant, ROBERT NELSON.

[On the back of this letter is the following first draft of the intended inscription, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.]

H. S. E.

"Carolus Comes de Berkeley, Vicecomes de Dursley, Baro Berkeley de castro de Berkeley, Dominus Moubray, Segrave, et Bruce; dominus locumtenens comitatûs Glocestriæ; civitatis Glocestriæ magnus seneschallus; guardianus de forestâ de Dean; custos rotulorum comitatûs de Surrey; et Reginæ Annæ à secretioribus consiliis. Ob fidem spectatam, linguarum peritiam, et prudentiam, à Rege Gulielmo III. ablegatus et plenipotentiarius ad ordines fœderati Belgii, per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis fœliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivente adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adscriptus, et consiliarius à secretis factus: et ad Hiberniam secundus inter tres summos justiciarios

* Brother-in-law to the Earl of Berkeley.

missus. Denique legatus extraordinarius designatus ad Turcarum imperium: et postea, regnante Annâ, ad Cæsarem ablegatus: quæ munia, ingravescente valetudine et senectute, obire nequiit. Natus Londini, 1649. Obiit . . . . . , 1710, æt. 62."

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 1710–11.

My Lord,

I write to your grace under the greatest disturbance of mind for the public and myself. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. Harley was stabbed, and some confused particulars. I immediately ran to Secretary St. John's hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. St. John in her chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in pain about the secretary, who, as she heard, had killed the murderer. I went straight to Mr. Harley's, where abundance of people were to inquire. I got young Mr. Harley to me: He said his father was asleep, and they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I shall relate it to your grace. This day the Marquis de Guiscard was taken up for high-treason, by a warrant of Mr. St. John, and examined before a committee of council in Mr. St. John's office; where were present, the Dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Earl Powlet, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed Guiscard, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he

ought to behave himself better, while he was examined for such a crime. Guiscard immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of some of the offices, and reaching round, stabbed him just under the breast, a little to the right side; but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into Guiscard's breast. Five or six more of the council drew and stabbed Guiscard in several places: but the Earl Powlet called out, for God's sake, to spare Guiscard's life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him and broke; and the footmen without ran in, and bound Guiscard, who begged he might be killed immediately; and they say, called out three or four times, "My Lord Ormond! my Lord Ormond!" They say Guiscard resisted them a while, until the footmen came in. Immediately Bucier the surgeon was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley: and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger: he said, when he came home, he thought himself in none; and when I was there he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He has been ill this week, and told me last Saturday, he found himself much out of order, and has been abroad but twice since; so that the only danger is, lest his being out of order should, with the wound, put him in a fever; and I shall be in a mighty pain till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. St. John, who told me, her husband was with my lord-keeper,* at Mr. Attorney's,† and she said something to me very remarkable: "That going to-day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and

* Sir Simon Harcourt. † Sir John Trevor.

ladies were dressed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's accession, the lady of the bedchamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and saw no company; yet, when she inquired her health, they said she was very well, only had a little cold." We conceive, the queen's reasons for not going out, might be something about this seizing of Guiscard for high treason, and that perhaps there was some plot, or something extraordinary. Your grace must have heard of this Guiscard: he fled from France for villainies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning, and much villainy. We passed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I write all this to your grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true account of so important an accident; and besides, I know you will have a thousand false ones; and I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. Harley. I met Sir Thomas Mansel, (it was then after six this evening,) and he and Mr. Prior told me, they had just seen Guiscard carried by in a chair, with a strong guard, to Newgate, or the Press-Yard. Time, perhaps, will shew who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen so unluckily to England, at this juncture, as Mr. Harley's death; when he has all the schemes for the greatest part of the supplies in his head, and the parliament cannot stir a step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a person I have more obligations to than any other in this kingdom; who has always treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and never refused

me any favour I asked for a friend; therefore I hope your grace will excuse the disorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to write one of another sort.——I must needs say, one great reason for writing these particulars to your grace was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact, which will be some sort of service to Mr. Harley. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have read over what I writ, and find it confused and incorrect, which your grace must impute to the violent pain of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life.——It must have been the utmost height of desperate guilt which could have spirited that wretch to such an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover, to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villainy. It is not above ten days ago, that I was interceding with the secretary in his behalf, because I heard he was just starving; but the secretary assured me he had £400 a-year pension.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, March 17, 1710–11.

I RETURN you my thanks for yours of the 8th instant. I do not wonder that you were in some

confusion when you wrote it; for I assure you I read it with great horror, which such a fact is apt to create in everybody, that is not hardened in wickedness. I received several other letters with narratives of the same, and saw some, that came to other hands; but none so particular, or that could be so well depended upon. I observe, that, among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to Guiscard's charge, of his design, or how he came to be discovered. I suppose those are yet secrets, as it is fit they should be. I do remember something of this Guiscard; and that he was to head an invasion; and that he published a very foolish narrative;* but neither remember exactly the time, or under what ministry it was, or who were his patrons. It seems convenient, that these should be known; because it is reported, that Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John were those who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite. One would think this should convince the world, that Mr. Harley is not in the French interest, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, some whisper the case of Fenius Rufus and Scevinus, in the 15th book of Tacitus, *accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant.* Mr. St. John is condemned for wounding Guiscard; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted some to suggest, that it was done on purpose, lest he should tell tales.

We had a strange piece of news by last packet, that the address to her majesty met with but a cold reception from one party in the House of Commons; and that all the lords, spiritual and temporal, of that

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* The Marquis de Guiscard's Memoirs were published, with a dedication to Queen Anne, dated at the Hague, May 10, 1705. —B.

party, went out when it passed in the Lords' House. But I make it a rule never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a sure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard something of our first-fruits and twentieth parts; but I doubt that matter sleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we used to do. The parties are tolerably silent, but those for the late ministry seem to be united, keep much together, and are so wise as not to make much noise; nor have I heard anything of their sentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident.* I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 10, 1711.

MY LORD,

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until something material should happen, that might recompense the trouble. My occasion of writing to you at present is purely personal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by some letters from Ireland, that your grace had applied the passage you mention of Rufus, in a speech you made to your clergy, which I ventured to contradict, as an impossibility, and inconsistent with your general opinion, and what was in your letter. Mr. Southwell and Mr. Dopping

* Archbishop King is always anxious to represent the Whig interest as formidable.

were of the same mind; and the former says, he has writ to your grace about it. I should have thought no more of the matter, but let it spend like an idle story below notice: only dining last Sunday with one of the principal secretaries of state, he gave me a letter to read, which he had just received from the printer of the newspaper called The Postboy, in which was a transcript of a letter from Dublin; and the secretary being mentioned in that transcript, the man would not publish it without his advice. It contained an account how the news of Mr. Harley's being stabbed had been received by the Whigs in Dublin: of which he produced some instances. Then he mentions the passage out of Tacitus, and concludes thus: "The first that mentioned it was the Archbishop of Dublin, who took notice of it first at a meeting of his clergy; and afterwards, in the hearing of several persons, was reprimanded for it in a civil though sharp manner, by one of the chief ministers there, well known for his steady loyalty to her majesty, and his zealous service to the Church of England, under her late perilous trial." I immediately told the secretary, that I knew this must be false and misrepresented, and that he must give me leave to scratch out that passage, which I accordingly did; and for fear of any mistake, I made him give me afterwards the whole letter, that I might have it in my power. The next day I sent for the printer, and told him what I had done; and upon farther thoughts I stifled the whole letter, and the secretary approved of it. I likewise told the printer, that when he had anything relating to Ireland, I had the secretary's order (which was true) to send it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations, by what was represented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in The

Postboy, with that conclusion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your character and station place you above the malice of little people, yet your friends would be extremely concerned to see your name made so bold with in a common newspaper.

I humbly hope your grace will not disapprove of what I have done: at least I have gratified my own inclination, in the desire of serving you; and besides, had the opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some part of your character.

I dare lay a wager, that all this happened by the gross understandings of some people who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your grace. I must be so bold to say, that people in that kingdom do very ill understand raillery. I can rally much safer here with a great minister of state or a duchess, than I durst do there with an attorney or his wife. And I can venture to rally with your grace, although I could not do it with many of the clergy. I myself have been a witness, when want of common sense has made people offended with your grace, where they ought to have been the most pleased. I say things every day at the best tables, which I should be turned out of company for if I were in Ireland.

Here is one Mr. Richardson, a clergyman, who is soliciting an affair that I find your grace approves;* and therefore I do him all the service I can in it.

We are now full of the business of the Irish yarn; and I attend among the rest, to engage the members I am acquainted with in our interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will shortly write to your grace some account

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* The printing of Irish Bibles.

how public affairs stand; we hope Mr. Harley will be well in a week.

We have news from Brussels that the dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I wish your grace would enclose your commands to me, directed to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I have left off going to coffeehouses.

—o—

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.*

MY LORD, London, April 16, 1711.

THIS comes to interrupt your grace a few minutes in the conquest of a kingdom, and to let the Duke of Anjou keep the crown so much longer on his head. I owe you this piece of malice, because you have ruined the reputation of my pride, being the first

* Swift, as appears from several passages in the Journal as well as from this letter, had a considerable intimacy with John, Duke of Argyle, though they were afterwards at such variance, that the Duke headed the Scottish nobility in their complaints against the author of the "Public Spirit of the Whigs." The letter was communicated to me by my late excellent and highly accomplished friend, Lady Douglas of Douglas, born Lady Frances Scott of Buccleuch, and grand-daughter to the Duke of Argyle.

great man for whose acquaintance I made any great advances; and you have need to be what you are, and what you will be, to make me easy after such a condescension. Remember, my lord, I have pointed you out these six years to make a hero. Take some care of your life, and a great deal of your health; and if Spain be to be conquered,—*Si Pergama dextra defendi possint*,—you are the man. The greatest of the Scipios began his glories at your age, in that country. But I am afraid the Spaniards, when your grace has conquered them, will remember the climate you came from, and call you Goth.

I am glad to find the ministry here upon all occasions talking with so much justice and friendship of your grace; and, as much as one can promise from the dispositions of a court, I have reason to believe your grace's expectations will be answered from hence as fully as possible. The talk is hot among us of some sudden changes and promotions, and I am inclined to believe something of it. We expect Mr. Harley will be treasurer, and, by that and other steps, the ministry more fixed than it seems at present. Mr. Harley now sees some of his friends, begins to talk of business, and will take the air in a day or two. Mr. St. John has been out of order with gravel, and we have forbid him burgundy and champagne wines, which he very unwillingly complies with. The queen is well enough to go abroad every day. The October Club grumbles still, and wants a thorough change. New toasts arise daily, and I am afraid, if your grace be two years conquering Spain, you will meet, at your return, with a set entirely new.

I send this by Mr. Harris, your grace's chaplain, and I desire he may be your historian. I have known him these three years. He has a great deal of merit, and I envy his being so near your grace,

who will be sure to distinguish it. You will find him full of good manners, and good sense, and possessed with the highest veneration for your grace's person and virtues. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD PETERBOROW.

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, BISHOP OF ———, OR DEAN OF ———,* &c.

Vienna, April 18, 1711.

SIR,

I HAVE often with pleasure reflected upon the glorious possibilities of the English constitution; but I must apply to politics a French expression appropriated by them to beauty; there is a *je ne sçai quoi* among us, which makes us troublesome with our learning, disagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and insignificant with our power.

I could never despise anybody for what they have not, and am only provoked, when they make not the right use of what they have. This is the greatest mortification, to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and see them disappointed by self-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the disappointment of a good scheme by the October Club?

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* Of the style of this letter Swift says, very happily, "He writes so well I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that I must answer him."

I have with great uneasiness received imperfect accounts of a disagreement among ourselves. The party we have to struggle with has strength enough to require our united endeavours. We should not attack their firm body like hussars. Let the victory be secure before we quarrel for the spoils; let it be considered whether their yoke were easy, or their burden light. What! must there ever be in St. Stephen's chapel, a majority either of knaves or fools?

But seriously, I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption, which has been improved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown, I fear, insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other satisfaction in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour: but tokay itself has no effect upon me while I see affairs so unsettled; faction so strong, and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the utmost difficulties by past miscarriages and present want of money; but we are told here, that in the midst of victory, orders are given to sound a parley, I will say a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, that there is not in ******.

I have rid the resty horse you say they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wish they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forward either with whip or spur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindness, I am theirs by the two strongest ties, I love them, and hate their enemies.

Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time the statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue,

let me command against that rank Whiggish puppet-show. Those junto pigmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell St. John, he must find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. Harley forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him; which was to let him know, that I expected immediately for one Dr. Swift, a lean bishopric, or a fat deanery. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would, if he could; whose name is

PETERBOROW.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, April 19, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by which I understand how much I am obliged to you for the justice you did me as to the report you let me know was about to be printed in The Postboy relating to Mr. Harley.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which such a report could be fixed with less colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have suffered in some cases too, for my zeal to defend him in the worst of times; for I confess I never could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in Gregg's affair. The truth is, when I received the news of this last barbarous attempt made on him, I with indignation insulted some with whom I used to dis-

pute about the former case, and asked them, whether they would now suspect that he was in the conspiracy to stab himself? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithstanding that: and that his discovering Guiscard, and pressing so hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to such a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous act. And they instanced the story of Piso in Tacitus, and the passage of Rufus. I know very well that they did not believe themselves, and among other things I applied that passage of Hudibras, he that beats out his brains, &c.* I believe I have told this passage to several as an example, to shew into what absurdities the power of prejudice, malice, and faction will lead some men, I hope with good effect; and added, as several gentlemen that heard me can witness, that it was a strange thing, that Mr. Harley should discover Gregg, and have him hanged, and yet be suspected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cause, wherein his life was so barbarously struck at, it was a thousand to one if he escaped, he should still be under the suspicion of being a party with his murderer! so that I could never imagine, that any one should report, that I spake my own sense in a matter wherein I expressed so great an abhorrence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any speech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any person on this account, it is all, assure yourself, pure invention.

I am sensible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publishing of such a false report, and am

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* "But he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns."

most thankful to Mr. Secretary St. John for stopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwise I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgment. As to Mr. Harley, I have had the happiness to have some knowledge of him, and received some obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament, that I obtained for the restitution of Seatown to the see of Dublin. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common interest; and as I believe he was the principal instrument of settling things on the present foot, so I believe every one, that wishes well to these kingdoms, is satisfied, that there is not any man, whose death would be a greater loss to the public than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worst enemies to him, at least silenced them; and it is generally believed that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can guess who writ the letter you mention: it must be one of two or three, whose business it is to invent a lie, and throw dirt ever since I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices: they have published and dispersed several libellous prints against me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falsehoods in matters of fact. In another, it is true, there was only one such; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falsehood. But, to my comfort, they are despised by all good men; and I like myself nothing less for being the object of their hate. You will excuse this long letter, and I hope I may, by next, apprise you with something of consequence. In the meantime, I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

I held my visitation on the 9th instant, where you were excused,* as absent on the public business of the church.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

May 4, 1711.

My Lord,

I have had the honour of your lordship's letter, and by the first lines of it have made a discovery that your lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess: which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it are forced to lay aside, when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the public, among the honest Germans, though in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified? and I hope, at least, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our divisions run farther than perhaps your lordship's intelligence has yet informed you of: that is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occasion, "That all my hopes of their success depended on their union; that I saw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that scandal of inconstancy ascribed to court friendships."

* For his prebend of Dunlavan.

I am not now so secure.* I care not to say more on such a subject, and even this *entre nous.* My credit is not of a size to do any service on such an occasion: but as little as it is, I am so ill a politician, that I will venture the loss of it to prevent this mischief; the consequence of which I am as good a judge of as any minister of state, and perhaps a better, because I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of Guiscard's attempt on Mr. Harley: supposing you know all the circumstances, I shall not descant upon it. We believe Mr. Harley will soon be treasurer, and be of the House of Peers; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October member is a candidate; and consequently nine in ten must be disappointed; the effect of which we may find in the next session. Mr. Harley was yesterday to open to the House the ways he has thought of, to raise funds for the securing the unprovided debts of the nation; and we are all impatient to know what his proposals are.

As to the imperfect account you say you have received of disagreement among ourselves, your lordship knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late ministry, we now generally call Tories; and in that sense, I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different interests: one of those, I mean the ministry, who agree with your lordship and me, and in a steady management for pursuing the true interests of the nation; another is, that of warmer heads, as the October Club and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of those

* In the Journal to Stella, Swift gives an account of the beginning breach between Secretary St. John and his colleagues in the ministry.

who, as your lordship expresses it, would sound a a parley, and who would make fair weather in case of a change; and some of these last are not inconsiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordship's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midst of such great affairs. I doubt I shall want such an advocate as your lordship; for I believe, every man who has modesty or merit, is but an ill one for himself. I desire but the smallest of those titles you give me on the outside of your letter.* My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me with honour. The ministry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is easier to provide for ten men in the church, than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deaneries, without a promise from your lordship, under your own hand and seal, that I shall have the liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your lordship home: and we must have you to adorn your country, when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it.

I am, my lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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* The Earl's letter was addressed to Dr. Swift, Bishop of ——, or Dean of ——.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, Chelsea, May 10, 1711.

I HAVE had your grace's letter, of April 19, some time by me, but deferred my answer until I could give some account of what use I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. Secretary St. John, and read most of it to him; he was extremely satisfied, and very glad that scandalous account, designed to be printed in "*The Postboy*," was suppressed. Mr. Harley was then not quite well enough; so I ventured (and I hope your grace will not disapprove of it) to shew your letter to a gentleman who has a great respect for your grace, and who told me several others of Ireland were possessed of that report. I trusted the letter with him, and gave him leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and "that they were all entirely convinced:" and indeed, as far as I can find, the report is quite blown over, and has left no impression. While your grace's letter was out of my hands, dining with Mr. Harley, he said to me, almost as soon as he saw me, "How came the Archbishop of Dublin and I to fall out?" I told him, "I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether misrepresented; and it must come from some infamous rascals, of which there never wants a set in that kingdom, who make it their business to send wrong characters here," &c. He answered, "that he believed and knew it was as I said." I added, "that I had the honour to be long known to your grace, and that you were the last man in the king-

dom upon whom such a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, since he was pleased to mention this matter first, he must give me leave, the next time I saw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in answer to one of mine, wherein I told you of such a report." He said, "there was no need, for he firmly believed me." I answered smiling, "that should not do, for I would never suffer a person for whom I had so great an esteem, to lie under the least suspicion of anything wrong." * Last Saturday, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my lord-keeper, my Lord Rivers, and Mr. Secretary St. John, always used to dine with him before this accident; and sometimes they used to let me be of the company. This was the first Saturday they had met since his recovery; and I was in such joy to see the old club meet again, that it affects me still, as your grace sees by my impertinence in mixing it with an account that only relates to yourself. I read those parts of your letter to him which I thought proper, and both he and the company did very frankly acquit your grace; and Mr. Harley, in particular, spoke a good deal of his respect and esteem for you: and then he repeated, "that it was no new thing to receive lies from Ireland:" which I doubt is so true, that no man of distinction in that kingdom is safe; and I wish it were possible to take some course to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, bating my concern for the souls of the writers, I should give you joy of them. You would less deserve your station, if

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* Notwithstanding this friendly vindication, it appears from the Journal that Swift did think in his heart that the archbishop was partly guilty of the imprudence alleged against him.

knaves and fools did not hate you; and while these sects continue, may your grace and all good men be the objects of their aversion!

My lord-keeper, Mr. Harley, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers: the town has been expecting it for some time, although the court make it yet a secret: but I can assure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their patents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. Harley. You'll please not to mention this particular, although it will be soon public, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer. Perhaps before the post leaves this town, all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious: but so capricious are great men in their secrets. The first authentic assurances I had of these promotions was last Sunday; though the expectation has been strong for above a month. We suppose likewise that many changes will be made in the employments as soon as the session ends, which will be, I believe, in less than a fortnight.

Poor Sir Cholmondeley Deering of Kent was yesterday, in a duel, shot through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill, in Tothilfields, and died in some hours.

I never mention anything of the first-fruits either to Mr. Harley or the Duke of Ormond. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end: if not, I shall have the best opportunity of doing it in his absence. If I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived as to hinder me from soliciting it afterward: but as soon as the duke is gone, I shall learn at the Treasury what he has done in it. I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a necessity of walking to and from London every day.

But your grace will please still to direct your letters under cover to Mr. Lewis.

I am, with great respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

and obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Chelsea, May 11, 1711.

SIR,

BEING convinced, by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with *Sir Simon Harcourt*, knight, or *Robert Harley, Esq.*, I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen tomorrow.* I made this request on Saturday last, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my lord-keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you an hour's whispering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The keeper alleged, "You could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met," as if you could never

* Harley was about to be created Earl of Oxford, and Sir Simon Harcourt, Baron Harcourt. This jeu d'esprit, to use Swift's own expression, was read by "St. John to the company, and passed purely."

open but like a parish chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated to pull down my great spirit. Pray, sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of secretaries of state. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my lord-keeper's salary. And, sir, to shew you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-sleeve gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence, until you snatch them out of my hands.* Therefore pray, sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect, sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.†

Dublin, May 15, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by the last packet, and cannot return you sufficient

* Swift read his own verses so ill, that Bolingbroke used to lose patience, and interfere in the manner hinted at.

† This letter contains, according to Swift's account of it to Stella, a long squabble in Dublin about choosing a mayor, and some apprehensions on the part of the archbishop for the share he had in it. "I shall not," adds our author, "be always able to defend him."

acknowledgment for your kind and prudent management of that affair so much to my advantage. I confess that I did not much fear that such a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. Harley; for I was persuaded he is too wise to believe such an incredible story. But the publishing it to the world might have influenced some to my disadvantage; and no man can be well pleased to be the subject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honest men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky contest in the city of Dublin about their mayor. You may remember (I think while you were here, that is, in 1709) Alderman Constantine, by a cabal, for so I must call it, lost his election; and a junior alderman, one Forrest, was elected mayor for the ensuing year. Constantine petitioned the council board not to approve the election; for you must know, by the new rules, settled in pursuance of an act of parliament, for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers must be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their respective offices; and if not approved of in ten days, the corporation that chose them must go into a new election. Now, Alderman Constantine, upon the corporation's return of Forrest, complained of it as wrong, and desired to be heard by counsel; but my Lord Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, would not admit it. This past on to the year 1710, and then the present mayor was chosen, Alderman Eccles, another junior alderman; and this year, one Alderman Barlow, a tailor, another junior. Constantine, finding the government altered, supposed he should have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law,

made about the 12th of Queen Elizabeth; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, notwithstanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several dispensations and instances of contrary practices were produced; but with a salvo, that the law of succession should stand good: and some aldermen, as appeared, had been disfranchised for not submitting to it, and holding in their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burden, and the senior aldermen got licences from serving it, and by faction and interest got it put on the junior and poorer; and most of the aldermen were then Papists, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of supremacy, and come to church, they declined it: but the case was now altered, and most were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that imposed it as a duty and burden, must be understood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often dispensed with, and, as alleged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only: that since those rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and in about 36 mayors, eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter seemed to me to hang on a most slender point; and being Archbishop of Dublin, I thought I was obliged to be for the city; but the majority was for the bye-law, and disapproved Alderman Barlow, who was returned for mayor. I did foresee that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my Lord Duke of Ormond's interest to clash with the city; and I went to several of his grace's friends, whom I much

trust, before the debate in council, and desired them to consider the matter; and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and desired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foresee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him some trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinously; and, as I hear, met to-day, and, in common-council, repealed the bye-law, and have chosen Alderman Barlow again. I think them wrong in both, and a declaration of enmity against the council and government, which feud is easier begun than laid. It is certain the council must disapprove their choice, it being against the new rules, as well as good manners; and what other steps will be made to correct them, I cannot say; whereas, if they had appointed a committee to view and report what old obsolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the rest, it would not have given offence; and if they had chosen another, instead of Barlow, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the contest.

You must know this is made a party affair, as Constantine sets up for a High-churchman, which I never heard he did before: but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himself too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether useless to you, to know the truth of this matter; for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of Ireland are looked upon as friends to the Whiggish interest. But it is only so far as to keep out the Pretender, whom they mortally fear, with

good reason; and so many villainous papers have been spread here, and so much pains taken to persuade them that the Tories design to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but God be thanked, this ministry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear, by their steady and prudent management. And if his grace the Duke of Ormond prosecutes the same measures the ministry does in Britain, (as I believe he will,) I persuade myself that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any ministry we ever had.

The death of the Earl of Rochester * is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have some fears that I do not find affect other people; I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things steady; and I wish his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM LORD PETERBOROW.

Hanover, June 21, 1711.

SIR,

YOU were returning me to ages past for some expressions in my letter. I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came

* Son of the great Earl of Clarendon, and maternal uncle to Queen Anne. He was a great pillar of the Tory party, and was lord-president of the council at his death, 3d May, 1711.

you to frame a system (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love?

I was much more surprised at such a notion in your first, than to find your opinion altered in your last letter. My hopes were founded more reasonably upon the contrary principle. I wish we could keep ourselves steady by any; but I confess it was the hatred and contempt so justly conceived against our late governors that gave me some little expectations we might unite, at least in order to prevent a relapse.

The consequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then dissatisfied; and, when given, those are only pleased who have them. This is what the honest management of past administrations has brought us to: but I should not yet despair, if your loving principle could but have its force among three or four of your acquaintance. Never persons had more reason to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniences; for such are inevitable, without the nicest management: and I believe no person was ever better prepared to make this out than myself.

I wish, before I left England, that I had met, either in your letters or discourse, anything like what you hint in your last: I should have found great ease, and you some satisfaction; for, had you passed these six months with me abroad, I could have made you sensible that it were easy to have brought the character and influence of an English peer equal to that of a senator in old Rome. Methinks I could have brought it to that pass, to have seen a levee of suppliant kings and princes, expecting their destinies from us, and submitting to our decrees; but if we come in politics to your necessity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the case will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own insinuations: what if I should leave England in a week's time, and summon you, in quality of chaplain and secretary, to be a witness to transactions perhaps of the greatest importance; so great, that I should think you might deserve the Bishopric of Winchester at your return. Let me know, in a letter directed to Parson's Green, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you must learn to live a month now and then without sleep. As to all other things, we should meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could escape them from home.

But, without raillery, if ever I can propose to myself to be of any great use, I foresee this will be the case. This is so much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwise, I shall never concern myself in any public business in England; that I shall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the October Club.

Yours, &c.

PETERBOROW.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, July 12, 1711.

MY LORD,

I NOW conceive your grace begins to be a busy person in council, and parliament, and convocation; and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle letter from hence. We have an empty town, the queen being settled at Windsor,

and the ministers often there. We are so weary with expecting farther removals, that we begin to drop the discourse; neither am I sure whether those in power may not differ a little in opinion as to the matter. However, it seems generally agreed, that there will be many changes before next session, and that it is necessary there should be so. My Lord Peterborow has been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him, or rather he has talked a good deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he finds to be true, that there seems a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinks his successful negotiations with the emperor and the Duke of Savoy have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me that Spain is yet to be had, if we take proper measures. Your grace knows he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one servant, having scattered them in several parts of Germany. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the ministry to make them follow his plans; and he is such a sort of person as may give good advice, which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow.* It seems to me that the ministry lie under a grievous dilemma, from the difficulty of continuing the war, and the danger of

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* This is pointedly said, and implies deep knowledge of the world. It very often happens that we judge of the counsels we receive less from their intrinsic merit, than from our own opinion of the gravity and steadiness of those who propose them. Yet, surely, to neglect availing ourselves of the suggestions of genius, on account of its eccentricities, is like refusing the ripe orange, because the tree bears flourish and immature fruit at the same time.

an ill peace; which I doubt whether all their credit with the queen and country would support them under; but my lord-treasurer is a stranger to fear, and has all that courage which innocence and good sense can give a man, and the most free from avarice of any one living; both which are absolutely necessary for his station in this juncture. He was saying a thing to me some days ago, which I believe is the great maxim he proceeds by, that wisdom in public affairs was not, what is commonly believed, the forming of schemes with remote views, but the making use of such incidents as happen. It was thought my Lord Mar* would have succeeded as secretary upon the Duke of Queensberry's death;† but the court seems now disposed to have no third secretary,‡ which was a useless charge. The queen has been extremely ill, so as for four-and-twenty hours people were in great pain; but she has been since much better, and voided abundance of gravel, &c.

Our expedition under Mr. Hill§ is said to be towards the South Seas; but nothing is known: I told a great man, who is deepest in the project of

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* The unfortunate John, tenth Earl of Mar, was secretary of state for Scotland during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign. On the accession of George I., being dismissed from his employments, he headed the Scottish insurrection in 1715, which subsided, as it were, of its own accord, after the doubtful battle of Sheriffmuir. Being attainted of treason, he fled into France, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. Like most unsuccessful leaders of a conspiracy, he was much blamed by those whom he had embarked in the same desperate cause.

† James Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, secretary of state for the business of Scotland.

‡ There seems to have been none till September 1, 1713.—N.

§ The brother of Mrs. Masham, a man of poor talents. The expedition was designed against Canada, but fulfilled Swift's prognostics, being altogether unsuccessful.

it, that I had no good opinion of these expeditions, which hitherto never succeeded with us. He said he would venture ten to one upon the success of it, provided no ill accident happened by storms; and that it was concerted with three or four great princes abroad.

As to the first-fruits, I must inform your grace that the whole affair lies exactly as it did for some months past. The duke and his people never thought, or at least never meddled in it, until some days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and my lord-treasurer directed that it should be an instruction to the lord-lieutenant to mention in his speech to parliament, that the queen had done it, &c. But they took no sort of care to finish the matter, and carry the instrument over with them, which they might have done, had they begun timely, and applied themselves; and, as the bishops superseded me, I did not presume to meddle farther in it: but I think this may be a lesson, that in all such cases as these, it is necessary to have some good solicitor, and not leave things wholly to great men; nay, so little did the duke engage in this matter, that my lord-treasurer told me yesterday (although that is a secret) that the very draught they had made upon my application was some way or other mislaid between the queen and himself, and could not be found; but, however, that another should soon be drawn: and his lordship commanded me to inform your grace, and my lords the bishops, that, with the first convenience, the instrument should be prepared and sent over, which your grace will please to let them know. I was of opinion with my lord-treasurer, that it should be done by a deed from the queen, without an act of parliament, and that the bishops should be made a corporation for the man-

agement of it. Your grace sees I write with much freedom, because I am sure I can do it safely.

I have been engaging my lord-treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord-treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me.* All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire, at leisure, some of your grace's thoughts on this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantage of the times, and see whether your violent House of Commons will fall in with some good law for the benefit of the church, as their much betters have done it here: and I think the convocation could not be better employed, than in considering what good law is wanting for the church, and endeavour to have it passed, rather than in brangling upon trifles. The church has so few happy occasions, that we ought to let none of them slip. I take up too much of your grace's time; and, therefore begging your prayers and blessings, I remain with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* See Swift's proposal for this purpose, Vol. IX. p. 133.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, July 25, 1711

REVEREND SIR,

YOU must not wonder that I have been so ill a correspondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for yours of June the 8th, and July the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumstances of things here, that were such, that I could not return you any satisfactory answer.

We have got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to say, our addresses, &c.; and as to the parliament, so far as appears to me, there will be an entire compliance with her majesty's occasions, and my Lord Duke of Ormond's desire, and that funds will be given for two years from Christmas next; by which we shall have the following summer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obstruction both to church and country business. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard some whispers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was sent back again to be mended especially as to direction about a president. I may inform you, that that matter is in her majesty's choice: we have on record four licences; the first directed to the Archbishop of Dublin, in 1614; the other three, in 1634, 1662, 1665, directed to the then lords-primates. I have not at present the exact dates; but I have seen the writs, and find the convocation sat in these years.

His grace the Duke of Ormond, in his speech to the parliament, (which I doubt not but you have

seen,) mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the first-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not assume to himself any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, so much as insinuated that the grant was on his motion; notwithstanding, both in the House of Lords and convocation, some laboured to ascribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his grace must, next to her majesty, have had the entire thanks. You'll observe, from the lords' address and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a share in both. But if the case should be otherwise, yet his grace is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our interest here at present, by endeavouring to stop it.*

The conclusion was that all the archbishops and bishops agreed to return thanks to my lord-treasurer of Great Britain, by a letter, which all in town have signed, being convinced, that, next to her majesty's native bounty, and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordship's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to solicit the passing the act through the offices, believing his lordship will take care of that of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an instance of their great confidence in his lordship's concern for them, which makes it needless that any should intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordship thinks fit to return any answer to the bishops, I wish he would take some occasion to mention you in it; for that would justify you, and convince the bishops, some of whom, perhaps, sus-

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* Remarking upon this letter to Stella, Swift says that the duke had less share in it than Stella and Dingley, since, had it not been for them, he himself would not have been so good a solicitor.

pect the truth of what you said of the first-fruits and twentieth parts being granted before his grace the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

I cannot at present write of several matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have sent with this the lords' and the convocation's address to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my most humble respects to be laid before my lord-treasurer. You may be sure I am his most humble servant, and shall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and state: and yet I believe, if it pleased God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers shall not be wanting.

As for myself, I shall say more some other time: and for the present shall only assure you, that I am, sir,

Your affectionate humble servant and brother,

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Lissenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my Lord Duke of Ormond's arrival, I have been so continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to say, addresses, &c., and I find the usual funds will be granted, I think unanimously, for two years from Christmas next, which is all the Duke of

Ormond desires. I do not see much more will be done. You will observe several reflections are in the addresses on the late management here, in which the Earl of Anglesey and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in Great Britain, and bring the malefactors to account, I should be for it with all my endeavours; but to shew our ill will when we can do no more, seems to be no good policy in a dependent people, and that can have no other effect than to provoke revenge without the prospect of redress; of which we have too fatal instances. I reckon, that every chief governor who is sent here comes with a design to serve first those who sent him; and that our good only must be so far considered, as it is subservient to the main design. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has some interest in our prosperity, and will not oppress us unnecessarily; and such is his grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection against him on your side of the water; for I have found, that those governors that gained most on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the best; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard against all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he that cannot revenge himself, acts the wise part, when he dissembles, and passes over injuries.

In my opinion, the best that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by these means we shall have one summer to ourselves to do our church and country business. I have not been able to visit my diocese *ecclesiatim*, as I used to do, the last three years, for want of such a recess. I hope the parliament of Great Britain will not resume the yarn bill while they continue the same. The lords have not sat above four or five days, and are adjourned till Monday next;

so we have no heads of bills brought into our house as yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you satisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts, and granting the first-fruits for buying impropriations, and purchasing glebes, which will be a great ease to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them first, where wanting; for without them, residence is impossible: and besides, I look upon it as a security to tithes, that the laity have a share in them; and therefore I am not for purchasing them, but where they are absolutely necessary.

We shall, I believe, have some considerations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find that it is desired by all, that they should be converted. There is a party among us, that have little sense of religion, and heartily hate the church; these would have the natives made Protestants; but such as themselves are deadly afraid they should come into the church, because, say they, this would strengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods proposed, which are to preach to them in their own language, and have the service in Irish, as our own canons require. So that between them, I am afraid that little will be done.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, Aug. 15, 1711.

I have been at Windsor a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace, dated July 25. I was told it was sent to Mr. Manly's house, (your post-master's son,) and by him to me: so that I suppose your grace did not direct to Mr. Lewis as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at Windsor. The ministers go usually down to Windsor on Saturday, and return on Monday or Tuesday following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord-treasurer, seeing him only at court, or at supper at third places, or in much company at his own lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him after dinner, but did not stay above an hour, because business called him out. I read to him that part of your grace's letter which expresses your grace's respects to him, and he received them perfectly well. He told me, "he had lately received a letter from the bishops of Ireland, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favour about the first-fruits." I told his lordship, "that some people in Ireland, doubted whether the queen had granted them before the Duke of Ormond was declared lieutenant."—"Yes," he said, "sure I remembered it was immediately upon my application." I said, "I heard the duke himself took no merit on that account." He answered, "No, he was sure he did not, he was the honestest gentleman alive: but," said he, "it is the

queen that did it, and she alone shall have the merit."

And I must be so free as to tell your grace that the grudging, ungrateful manner of some people, which upon several occasions I could not but give him hints of for my justification, has not been prudent. I am sure it has hindered me from any thoughts of pursuing another affair of yet greater consequence, which I had good hopes of compassing. What can be the matter with those people? do I ask either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the business? My lord-treasurer told me he had sent the letter over about the first-fruits. I never inquired into the particulars: he says he will very soon answer the bishops' letter to himself, and will shew me both letter and answer: but I shall not put him in mind unless he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great submission to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to desire he would make any mention of me in his answer. Your grace is convinced, that unless I write a heap of lies, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I desire to convince nobody else; and, since the thing is done, it is not of any consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear yesterday reminding my lord-treasurer of what I said to Mr. Southwell before his lordship, when he came to take his leave before he went to Ireland; which was that I hoped Mr. Southwell would let the bishops and clergy of Ireland know, that my lord-treasurer had long since (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the first-fruits, &c., and that it was his lordship's work, as the grant of the same favour in England had formerly been. My lord-treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. Southwell, and I think Mr. Southwell should have acted accordingly; but

there is a great deal of ignorance as well as ill will, in all this matter. The Duke of Ormond himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a solicitor. Everybody knows, that the lord-treasurer, in such cases, must be applied to (and only he) by the greatest persons. I should think the people of Ireland might rather be pleased to see one of their own country able to find some credit at court, and in a capacity to serve them, especially one who does it without any other prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the bishops from whom I can expect any favour, and there are not many upon whom a man of any figure could have such designs: but I will be revenged; for whenever it lies in my power, I will serve the church and kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine to-morrow with the lord-treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this letter away to-night; but I have been interrupted by business. I go to Windsor again on Saturday for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be sent to the post.

August 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to Windsor by my lord-treasurer, from whence I returned but last night. His lordship gave me a paper, which he said he had promised me. I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about something else we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until just now, when I find it to be my lord-primate's letter to his lordship, with an enclosed one from the bishops. With submission, I take it to be dry enough, although I shall not tell his lordship so. They say, "they are informed his lordship had a great part in," &c. I think they should either have told who it was informed them so, since it was a person commissioned by themselves; or, at least, have said they

were assured. And as for those words, a great part, I know nobody else had any, except the queen herself. I cannot tell whether my lord has writ an answer, having said nothing to him of it since he gave me the letters; nor shall I desire to see it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord-treasurer and Mr. St. John spoke to me about the matter, and were of the same opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice. I excused giving my opinion, being wholly uninformed; and I have heard nothing of it since.

My lord-keeper gave me yesterday a bundle of Irish votes at Windsor, and we talked a good deal about the quarrels between the Lords and Commons: I say the fault lay in not dissolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the Duke of Ormond, and often to some of those who were thought to have most credit with him. But they seemed to believe, as I did, that any Irish parliament would yield to anything that any chief governor pleased, and so it would be a needless trouble.

We reckon for certain, that Mr. Hill with his fleet is gone to Quebec.

Mrs. Masham is every minute expecting to lie in. Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's

Most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

The queen has got a light fit of the gout. The privy-seal is not yet disposed of.

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TO THE SAME.

August 26, 1711.

My Lord,

Perhaps you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The Duke of Somerset usually leaves Windsor on Saturday, when the ministers go down thither, and returns not till they are gone. On Saturday sevennight, contrary to custom, he was at Windsor, and a cabinet-council was to be held at night; but, after waiting a long time, word was brought out, that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the Duke went to a horse-race about three miles off.* This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. Secretary St. John refused to sit if the Duke was there. Last Sunday the Duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the Duke was advised by his friends of the other party to take this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance, that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, &c. You know the Duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the Duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen said, "If it were so that she could not have what

* "The Duke," says the Journal to Stella, "was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held."

servants she liked, she did not find how her condition was mended." I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, Lord-Keeper, Lord-Treasurer, and Mr. Secretary; and so I have often told them together between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general.* I will not say more at this distance. I do not see well how they can be without the secretary, who has very great abilities, both for the cabinet and parliament. The Tories in the city are a little discontented, that no farther changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would: one is, that lord-treasurer professes he is at a loss to find persons qualified for several places: another, (which is less believed,) that the queen interposes: a third, that it is a trimming disposition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can answer, if there were five times as many to dispose of; and I know particularly that he dislikes very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew; regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions, and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company, he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who has no business at all. He never wants a reserve

* The Duke of Marlborough probably.

upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others; and makes little use of those thousand projectors and schematists, who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the comparison, that his own notions are the best.

I am, my lord, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most obedient, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

REVEREND SIR, Swords, Sept. 1, 1711.

I HAVE before me yours of the 15th and 21st, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and I suppose, the address of the lords that give occasion to them. I must let you know that I was very positive against the clause that provoked them, and kept the House in debate about it at least an hour, and spoke so often, that I was ashamed of myself; yet there were but three negatives to it. I used several arguments against the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the House for some time; and industry had been used, as I was informed, to persuade my lord duke that what I did was in opposition to his interest; but when I had the opportunity to discourse his grace last, he was of another opinion. And in truth, my regard to his grace's interest was the principal reason

of opposing a clause, that I foresaw might embarrass his business here.

There happened another affair, relating to one Langton, of whom I formerly gave you some account.* The commons found him on the establishment for a small pension; and, having an ill notion of him, and his informations, they took this occasion to examine his merits. In order to which, they sent up a message to the lords, to desire leave of Judge Coste, who had taken his examinations and those of his witnesses, to come down and inform the committee; and this seemed the more necessary, because the examinations taken by the council were burned: but the lords refused to let the judge go down, as desired, and passed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their hands. This, I foresaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppose it, but with the same success as the former. Langton pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the Bishop of Ossory, and refused to appear before the commons; on which they passed the angry resolves you will find in their votes. The examination of this matter has employed much of the lords' time to very little purpose. My opposing this was made an objection against me by some, that wish now my advice had been taken.

The business of the city of Dublin, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have, at the council, rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city; some of them the best citizens in the town, and much in the interest of the government. We begin to be sick of it; and I am afraid that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magistrates in four

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* See Note, p. 461.

other corporations, which adds to the noise. I own there were good reasons for rejecting some of them; but I cannot say the same for Dublin. I wish this may not prove uneasy to us.

There was a motion made, at the sessions for the county of Dublin, at Kilmainham, for an address of thanks to her majesty for sending his grace the Duke of Ormond to be our chief-governor. Nine of the justices, that is, all that were then present, agreed to it, and an address was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a score, that seemed to have come on purpose, and promised that it should be rejected by a majority; for this reason only, that it would entail a necessity on them to address in favour of every new lord-lieutenant, or disoblige him. For which reason it was rejected also in my Lord Wharton's time. This noways concerns his grace himself; but, in my opinion, ought to lessen the esteem of some persons' management, that attempt things which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without opposition.

The House of Commons seem to have received ill impressions of some. They reckon my lord duke's advisers as if they were secretly his enemies, and designed to betray him.* They generally seem persuaded that his grace is a sincere honest man, and most in the interest of the kingdom of any chief-governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to support him to the utmost of their power, and declare that the quarrels his enemies raise shall not hinder them from doing

* Swift seems to have been of the same opinion with the archbishop, for he observes to Stella, that the Duke of Ormond is governed by fools, and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it.

whatever he shall reasonably desire from them, or her majesty's service require; and, as an instance of their sincerity in this, they have granted funds for two years from Christmas last; whereas at first they intended only two years from the preceding 24th of June.

I have been preaching a doctrine that seems strange to some: it is, that her majesty and the ministry will be inclined to employ such as may be a help and support to their interest, and not a clog. I mean, that these subalterns should, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any misunderstandings that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the ministry; and, by all means, avoid such things as may embarrass or beget jealousies; so that the burden or odium may not fall on the ministry, where any harsh things happen to be done: that it seems to me to be the duty of those in posts to avoid unnecessary disputes, and not to expect that the ministry will interpose to extricate them, when they, without necessity, have involved themselves. But some are of a different opinion, and seem to think that they have no more to do when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the ministry, and desire them to decide the matter by power; a method that I do not approve, nor has it succeeded well with former governors here: witness Lord Sydney and Lord Wharton, in the case of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of Ireland, and it is, to convince them that there is no eye to the Pretender. Great industry has been, and still is, used to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been possessed for twenty-

two years with a continual apprehension that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people designed to bring him in. The circumstances of this kingdom, from what they saw and felt under King James, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majesty to give us licence to act; but it nowise pleased some people, and so it was sent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing of the Quakers against a bill for recovering tithes. In my absence they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without so much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things that displeased some in the licence were, first, that my lord primate was not the sole president, so as to appoint whom he pleased to act in his absence. The second was, the consideration of proper methods to convert the natives, against which some have set themselves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and residence, which some have not patience to hear of. The Lower House seem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the recess, and are doing something.

I cannot but admire that you should be at a loss to find what is the matter with those that would neither allow you, nor any one else, to get anything for the service of the church or the public. It is, with submission, the silliest query I ever found made by Dr. Swift. You know there are some that would assume to themselves to be the only churchmen and managers, and cannot endure that anything should be done but by themselves, and in their own way;

and had rather that all good things proposed should miscarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own; whose business is to lessen everybody else, and obstruct whatever is attempted, though of the greatest advantage to church and state, if it be not from their own party. And yet, so far as I have hitherto observed, I do not remember an instance of their proposing, much less prosecuting with success, anything for the public good. They seem to have a much better hand at obstructing others, and embarrassing affairs, than at proposing or prosecuting any good design.

These seem as uneasy that more alterations are not made here, as those you mention are with you. The reason is very plain; they would fain get into employments, which cannot be without removes: but I have often observed, that none are more eager for posts than such as are least fit for them. I do not see how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men: perhaps it might be for the worse, *rebus sic stantibus;* though I always thought the honest part is, to allow the people to speak their sense on the change of affairs by new representatives. I do not find that those that have embarrassed the present designed a new one; but they thought the common so passive, that they might carry what they pleased, whatever their design might be. If they prosecute the present measures, I believe they will make new ones necessary, when there shall be occasion to have a new session.

I pray most heartily for her majesty, and her ministers; and am inclined to believe that it is one of the most difficult parts of their present circumstances to find proper instruments to execute their good intentions, notwithstanding the great crowds that offer themselves; particularly, my lord-treasurer's

welfare is at heart with all good men; I am sure with none more than,

Reverend Sir, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.*

Swords, Sept. 1, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

I GOT a little retirement here, and made use of it to write you by the present packet. I promised to say something as to your own affairs; and the first thing is, not to neglect yourself on this occasion, but to make use of the favour and interest you have at present to procure you some preferment that may be called a settlement. Years come on, and, after a certain age, if a man be not in a station that may be a step to a better, he seldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they pass the flower,

* This letter was taken heinously amiss by the person to whom it was addressed. Swift appears to have expected rather assistance and patronage from the archbishop, than literary advice or rules of conduct, and writes in great indignation to Stella, "Did I tell you of the Archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former, that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me. At last out it comes, and consists of two parts: First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment, now I have friends; and, secondly, he advises, since I have parts and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity, not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night," &c.—Journal to Stella.

they grow stale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a station that may make a man easy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourself, and I entreat you not to neglect it.

The second thing that I would have you to consider is, that God has given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are answerable for those talents to God: and, therefore, I advise you, and believe it to be your duty, to set yourself to some serious and useful subject in your profession, and to manage it so, that it may be of use to the world. I am persuaded that, if you will apply yourself this way, you are well able to do it; and that your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furnish such a piece, with such uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above most things that pass the press. Say not, that most subjects in divinity are exhausted; for, if you look into Dr. Wilkins' Heads of Matters, which you will find in his "Gift of Preaching," you will be surprised to find so many necessary and useful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are some common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the most curious and difficult are in a manner untouched, and a good genius will not fail to produce something new and surprising on the most trite, much more on those that others have avoided, merely because they were above their parts.

Assure yourself, that your interest, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find that it will answer some objections against you, if you thus shew the world that you have patience and comprehension of thought to go through with such a subject of weight and learning.

You will pardon me this freedom, which I assure you proceeds from a sincere kindness, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. Swift, yours,

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

TO DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

September 1, 1711.

SIR,

I CONGRATULATE with the college, the university, and the kingdom, and condole with myself, upon your new dignity.* The virtue I would affect by putting my own interests out of the case, has failed me in this juncture. I only consider that I shall want your conversation, your friendship, your protection, and your good offices, when I can least spare them. I would have come among the crowd of those who make you compliments on this occasion, if I could have brought a cheerful countenance with me. I am full of envy. It is too much, in so bad an age, for a person so inclined, and so able to do good, to have so great a scene of shewing his inclination and abilities.

If great ministers take up this exploded custom of rewarding merit, I must retire to Ireland, and wait for better times. The college and you ought to pray for another change at court, otherwise I can easily foretell that their joy and your quiet will be short. Let me advise you to place your books in moveable

* The deanery of Christ Church.

cases: lay in no great stock of wine, nor make any great alterations in your lodgings at Christ Church, unless you are sure they are such as your successor will approve and pay for. I am afraid the poor college little thinks of this,

"*Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ.*"

I am going to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and hope to wait on you either at Bridewell or Chelsea. I am, with great respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and most obliged, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Windsor Castle, October 1, 1711.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of a long letter from your grace about a month ago, which I forebore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and London, and partly because there had nothing happened that might make a letter worthy the perusal. It is the opinion of some great persons here, that the words which the House of Commons took amiss in your address, might very well bear an application that concerned only my Lord Wharton. I find they are against my opinion, that a new parliament should have been called; but all agree it must now be dissolved: but, in short, we are so extremely busy here, that nothing of Ireland is talked on above a day or two; that of the city election I have oftenest heard of; and the proceeding of your court in it, it is thought, might have been

wiser. I find your grace seems to be of my opinion, and so I told my lord-treasurer. I think your Kilmainham project of an address was a very foolish one, and that for the reason of those who were against it. I hope Ireland will soon be equally convinced with us here, that, if the Pretender be in anybody's thoughts, it is of those they least dream, and who now are in no condition of doing mischief to any but themselves. As for your convocation, I believe everything there will terminate in good wishes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again these two years; and then, I suppose, only to give money, and away. There should, methinks, in the interval, be some proposals considered and agreed upon by the bishops and principal men of the clergy, to have all ready against the next meeting; and even that I despair of, for a thousand reasons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the odd proceedings of those among the bishops and clergy who are angry with me for getting their first-fruits, was but a form of speech. I cannot sincerely wonder at any proceedings in numbers of men, and especially (I must venture to say so) in Ireland. Meantime, it is a good jest to hear my lord-treasurer saying often before a deal of company, "that it was I that got the clergy of Ireland their first-fruits;" and generally with this addition, "that it was before the Duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant." His lordship has long designed an answer to the letter he received from the bishops; he has told me ten times, "he would do it to-morrow." He goes to London this day, but I continue here for a week. I shall refresh his memory, and engage my Lord Harley his son to do so too.

I suppose your grace cannot but hear in general of some steps that are making toward a peace. There

came out some time ago an account of Mr. Prior's journey to France, pretended to be a translation: it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end.* I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace without Spain, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools something to talk of; and it has had a very great effect. Meantime, your grace may count that a peace is going forward very fast. Mr. Prior was actually in France; and there are now two ministers† from that court in London, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the house where I am now writing, Saturday last; neither do I find it to be a very great secret; for there were two gentlemen more with us besides the inviter. However, I desire your grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like lightness in me to tell it: Mr. Prior was with us too, but what their names are I cannot tell; for I believe those they passed by when I was there are not their real ones. All matters are agreed between France and us, and very much to the advantage and honour of England; but I believe no farther steps will be taken without giving notice to the allies. I do not tell your grace one syllable, as coming from any great minister; and therefore I do not betray them. But, there are other ways of picking out things in a court; however, I must desire you will not discover any of these little particulars, nor cite me upon any account at all; for, great men may think I tell things from them, although I have them from other hands;

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* This jeu d'esprit was Swift's composition, and may be found in vol. IV.

† Mons. Menager and the Abbé du Bois.

in which last case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a distance as your grace.

I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me; and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. Perhaps in Ireland, I may not be able to prevent contempt any other way than by making my fortune; but then it is my comfort, that contempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to me. When I was last in Ireland, I was above half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground; and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court, as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they please to let me) without any concern, but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough by being useful in such a way as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be some way useful to the church and the public by any talent you are pleased to think I possess, is the only thing for which I should desire some settlement that would make me full master of my time. I have often thought of some subjects, wherein I believe I might succeed: but, my lord, to ask a man floating at sea what he designed to do when he goes on shore, is too hasty a question; let him get there first, and rest and dry himself, and then look about him. I

have been pretty well known to several great men in my life; and it was their duty, if they thought I might have been of use, to put me into a capacity for it; but I never yet knew one great man in my life, who was not every day swayed by other motives in distributing his favours, whatever resolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was saying a thing the other day to my lord-keeper, which he approved of, and which I believe may be the reason of this: it was, "that persons of transcendent merit forced their way in spite of all obstacles; but those whose merit was of a second, third, or fourth rate, were seldom able to do anything because the knaves and dunces of the world had all the impudence, assiduity, flattery, and servile compliance, divided among them, which kept them perpetually in the way, and engaged everybody to be their solicitors." I was asking a great minister, a month ago, "how he could possibly happen to pick out a certain person to employ in a commission of discovering abuses, who was the most notorious for the constant practice of the greatest abuses in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed?" He said, "he knew all this; but what would I have him to do?" I answered, "Send any one of your footmen, and command him to choose out the first likely genteel fellow he sees in the streets; for such a one might possibly be honest, but he was sure the other was not, and yet they have employed him."

I promise your grace that this shall be the last sally I shall ever make to a court, and that I will return as soon as I can have leave. I have no great pleasure in my present manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much, and which try my patience to the utmost: teazed every day by solicitors, who have so little sense as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs,

although they see I am able to get nothing for myself. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, October 27, 1711.

I HAVE before me yours of the first instant, but have been so employed with attending parliament, convocation, and privy-council, that I could neither compose my thoughts to write, nor find time. Besides, our business is all in a hurry; and I may say in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On Wednesday the corn bill, which the commons seemed to value most, was thrown out; because it reserved a power to the lord-lieutenant and council here, to prohibit or permit the transportation of grain at any time. There was a design to fall on the privy-council upon this occasion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which shewed they had some wit in their anger. And I am still of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a session as has been in Ireland: but the Dublin business, the address of the lords, Langton's affair,* and now Higgins's have exas-

* Dominick Langton, clerk, formerly a friar, had accused Lewis Mears, Esq., and other Protestant gentlemen of the county of West Meath, of entering into an association against the queen and her ministry: upon which the House of Commons in Ireland, on the sixth of August 1711, voted several strong resolutions against the said Langton, declaring his charge against Mr. Mears, &c., to

perated the commons to such a height, that will, as you observe, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords' address might have been interpreted to aim at Lord Wharton, and was partly so intended; but it was ill expressed to bear that sense; and besides, what did it signify for us to shew our resentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the first-fruits and twentieth parts, nobody here dare say, that anybody, beside the Duke of Ormond, procured them, but his grace himself; who for aught I can learn, never assumed, either publicly or privately, any such merit to himself; and yet I confess it is not amiss that it should be thought he did those things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed that he has great interest at court; and if that did not appear by some favours of moment obtained for the kingdom none would suppose it. He is truly a modest, generous and honest man; and assure yourself, that whatever disturbance he has met with, proceeds from his sticking too close to his friends. It is a pity such a fault should hurt a man. I send you enclosed the papers that relate to Mr. Higgins. Lord Santry was heard against him, before the lord-lieutenant and council, October 27: he was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he seemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr. Higgins not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the testimony of the lower house of convocation in his favour,

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be false, groundless, and malicious; and resolved, that an address should be presented to the lord-lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond, to desire that her majesty would order the said Langton to be struck off the establishment of Ireland.—B.

you will see how heartily they espouse him. And surely both pains and art have been used to screen him: with what effect you shall hear when the matter is concluded. I wish every good man may meet with as good and as fast friends as he has done. I send you likewise the votes, that kept the commons in debate, from eleven in the morning till seven at night. The question was carried in the negative by two accidents: the going out of one member, by chance, to speak to somebody at the putting the question; and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The personal affection to the Duke of Ormond divided the house. If they could have separated him from some others the majority had been great. You may easily from this see, what way the bent of this kingdom goes; and that garbling corporations noways pleases them.

We have several printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amusements; for I imagine none of the common scribblers know anything of them at all. I pray God they may be such as may secure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a lasting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a balance, and to that three things seem so necessary, that any two may stop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as soon as the peace is settled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then France and Spain will fall into one hand: a surmise I have had in mind ever since Philip got Spain; I was of opinion, that if we could have been secured against this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly how we lost all the time of a recess, by a precipitate adjournment made by five bishops, when the Arch-

bishop of Tuam, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were absent, attending at the board, upon a hearing of the Quakers against the bill for the recovery of tithes. Since the meeting of the parliament, after the recess, we have attended pretty closely, have drawn up and agreed to six or seven canons, and have drawn up a representation of the state of religion as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and Popery. We have gone through likewise, and agreed to, a part of this; but I doubt we shall not be able to finish it. We have also before us the consideration of residence, and the means of converting Papists. This last sent up from the lower house. But I reckon it not possible to finish these things this session. I need not tell you, that my lord-primate's indisposition is a great clog to dispatch; but he is resolved none else shall have the chair. So we dispense with many things, that otherwise I believe we should not. We had only two church bills at this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our house; and another for recovery of tithes, which I understand will be thrown out by the commons. Our session draws near an end, and everybody is tired of it. WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

October 31, 1711.

TO-DAY we had another hearing at council, concerning Mr. Higgins's business. Some of his witnesses were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it does not appear to me, that they have yet cleared him of tampering with witnesses, shifting

recognizances, or compounding felonies; but, it is said, these things are common in the country; and perhaps that will save him. And I know not how far his other witnesses, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing lasted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this packet too large, so I have enclosed the other prints in another. I want some affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depose Mr. Higgins's case to contain many falsehoods.

I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Nov. 1, 1711.

I HAVE considered that part of your letter that relates to your concerns. I find you, in earnest, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be so, for a weighty reason you insinuate yourself, that you cannot, without a settlement, be master of your time in such a manner, as to apply yourself to do something that may be useful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you please: but something may be done toward it. Get but a letter to the government, from my lord-treasurer, for the first good preferment; and you will, at the same time, fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodesty in getting such a recommendation. Consider that years grow upon you; and after fifty both body and mind decay. I have

several things on the anvil, and near finished, that perhaps might be useful, if published; but the continual avocation by business, the impositions on me by impertinent visits, and the uneasiness of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore lose no time; *qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am sure, you are able to do good service; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. Cæsar wrote his Commentaries under the hurry and fatigues of a general; and perhaps a man's spirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of business. Read Erasmus's Life, and you'll find it was almost a continual journey. You see how malicious some are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falsely, as your works.* This makes it necessary that you should shame those varlets, by something that may enlighten the world, which I am sure your genius will reach, if you set yourself to it. If I had the honour to have any correspondence with my lord-treasurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordship to join in the request, which, I persuade myself, he would readily do, if put in mind. I do not in the least fear that you will be angry with me for this, since you cannot suspect my sincerity and kindness in it; and though I shall be angry with you, if you neglect yourself and interest, yet it shall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myself, but no abatement of the real friendship of

Yours, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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* Archbishop King's advice to Swift was seldom void of a little malice. He must have known that the Miscellanies which he contemptuously denominates a parcel of Trifles, were the genuine

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

PERHAPS it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our session of parliament ended on Friday last. We threw out in the house of lords two bills; that against fines in the city of Dublin, and about quit-rents; and voted an address, in opposition to the commons' address about revolution principles. We likewise burned Mr. Stoughton's sermon, preached at Christ Church, on the 30th of January, some years ago. The house were pleased to vote me thanks for prosecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithstanding the opposition I had from the government, and his protection by Lord Ikerin, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him so close, that I forced him out of his living. After this, we burned Mr. Boyse's book of A Scriptural Bishop;* and some Observators.† Our address was brought in yesterday;

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composition of his correspondent; and probably only thus expressed himself to mortify, in some degree, the self-consideration and superiority which Swift always felt, and did not occasionally shun to express.

* It was printed in 4to, at Dublin, under the title of "The Office of a Christian Bishop described, and recommended from 1 Tim. ch. iii. ver. 1; an ordination sermon. With an Appendix to it, and a Postscript, containing an apology for the publication of it." The Appendix and Postscript were added to the second edition of the Sermon. The author was an eminent dissenting minister at Dublin.—B.

† Papers published under that title by John Tutchin, Esq., who had been severely sentenced by Lord Chief-Justice Jeffreys, in King James the Second's reign. He was, at last, attacked in

in which sure we are even with the commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another address against dissenting ministers, and their twelve hundred pounds * *per annum.* The commons made an address to my lord-lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. "The Memorial of the Church of England" † was reprinted here and dedicated to my lord-lieutenant. This was brought into the house of commons, and I doubt, would not have escaped, if the usher of the black rod had not called them up to the prorogation. Langton's business came likewise into the house of lords, and when the house was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many sheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it: but at last it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the lord-lieutenant.

In short, we parted in very ill humour: and I apprehended that the minds of the generality are not easy. My Lord Duke of Ormond, so far as I could take it, made a very modest and healing speech; and his grace seemed, in it, to be altogether disinterested in parties. All these you have in

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the night, for some offence which he had given by his writings, and died in consequence of the violence used towards him. Dr. Swift, in his Examiner, No. 15, Nov. 16, 1710, speaks of this writer, and of Daniel de Foe, author of "The Review of the State of the British Nation," as "Two stupid illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession."—B.

* This address was agreed upon Nov. 9, 1711. The twelve hundred pounds per annum was originally a bounty to those ministers from King Charles the Second, confirmed by King William, and continued by Queen Anne.—B.

† Published at first in 1705, 4to, under this title, "The Memorial of the Church of England, humbly offered to the consideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Constitution."—This libel, upon its first publication, having been presented as such by the Grand Jury of London and Middlesex, Aug. 31, 1705, was burnt by the common hangman.—B.

public; and if you think it worth while, I will take care to send them as they are printed.

As to our convocation, those who had loitered and done nothing before last week, pressed on the representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and Popery; it will, in some time, be printed. I had many reasons, but insisted only on two; first, its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worst of people in the world; not allowing any good among us. Secondly, not assigning it a cause of the natives continuing Papists, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or translating the service into Irish.* You will find the matter in Heylin's Reformation, 2d Eliz. 1560, p. 128. I was forced to use art to procure this protest to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reasons, as I had cause to believe.

Both the parliament and convocation have been so ordered, as to make us appear the worst people in the world, disloyal to her majesty, and enemies to the church; and I suspect, with a design to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the representation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, send you my protest. We agreed likewise in some canons of no great moment, and some forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papists, and sectaries; which, I think, are too strait. I brought in a paper about residence; but here was no time to consider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papists. I did not perceive any zeal that

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* The archbishop, much to his honour, was active in promoting the translation of the Scriptures into the Irish language; and there are allusions to the undertaking both in his correspondence with Swift, and in Swift's Journal.

way. A great part of our representation relates to sectaries; and many things, in the whole, seem to me not defensible. I told you before, how we lost six weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament; and since it sat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council; so that I was neither present when it was brought into the house, when it passed for the most part, or was sent down in parcels, in foul rased papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity; and never heard it read through before it past.

I believe most are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceablest session that ever was in Ireland; whereas it has been one of the most boisterous. I believe it was his grace the Duke of Ormond's interest to have it quiet; but then the managers' conduct has showed themselves to be necessary. I have wearied myself with this scroll, and perhaps you will be so likewise. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

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FROM MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Hampton Court, Nov. 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the sheet,* which is, I think, very correct. Sunday morning I hope to see you. I am sincerely your hearty friend and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile story to tell you of the moral philosopher Steele.

* Probably of "The Conduct of the Allies," which was published November 27, 1711.—B.

FROM THE SAME.

November 17, 1711.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I ASK pardon for my mistake, and I send you the right paper. I am, in sickness and in health, ever your faithful friend and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

—o—

FROM MRS. LONG.*

November 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you, without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantic strain, and designed to have surprised me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and

* Thus indorsed by the Doctor; "Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died."—D. S.

if telling you that I am at Lynn will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death,* but am put in hopes of being easy at Christmas; however, I shall still continue to be *Mrs. Smyth*, near St. Nicholas's church in that town aforesaid. So much for my affairs. Now, as to my health, that was much out of order last summer; my distemper was a dropsy or asthma, (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right,) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest while they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myself to Dr. Inglis, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here, what you have often upbraided me with, a prude in everything but censuring my neighbours. A couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never inquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a Miscellany Mr. Steele put out last year; Miss Hessy † promised it me, but has forgot it; I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of George Smyth's family of Nitly, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and

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* The death of her grandmother, who had left her £1000.

† Miss Vanhomrigh.

would give their rivals' place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to Moll, (who I suppose was at the Bath,) or any other that will take it up: for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, sir, and can handle a needle very prettily—See Miss Hessy's scarf—I think that is improving mightily. If Miss Hessy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. St. John is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of anything, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite? a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at anybody; I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit: may I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my Lord Fitzharding, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.*

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* See the Dean's letter on this lady's death, p. 477.

MR. SHOWER* TO THE LORD HIGH-TREASURER OXFORD.†

London, Dec. 20, 1711.

My Lord,

Though there be little reason to expect your lordship should interpose in favour of the dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold, and sacrificed, by their professed friends; the attempt is, however, so glorious, in all its views, tendencies and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands, if you may be instrumental to prevent it.

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* An eminent dissenting minister. He was born at Exeter in 1657, and officiated in the Old Jury. He died June 28, 1715, after having published a great number of sermons, and other religious treatises, which are enumerated in the Life prefixed to his Funeral Sermon, by W. Tong. Sir Bartholomew Shower was his brother.—B.

† This letter was written by the dissenters, in the extremity of their despair at the bill against occasional conformity being passed. That singular transaction was consented to by the Whigs, partly with a view to gratify the Earl of Nottingham, a leading Tory nobleman, who, on that condition, agreed to oppose the peace, and partly in hopes that Lord Oxford would shipwreck his credit with the Tories, by espousing the cause of the dissenters. The acquiescence of the dissenters themselves in so severe a law, seems only to have been occasioned by fear of something worse. The whole transaction, and especially their reliance upon Oxford's opposing the bill, is admirably ridiculed in the History of John Bull.

May Heaven direct you in this, and all your great affairs for the public good of your country!

I am, my honoured lord,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

—o—

THE LORD TREASURER'S ANSWER.*

December 21, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

HAD not a very painful distemper confined me, I had desired the favour of seeing you some time since; and should have spoken very plainly to you, as I shall whenever I see you. I have long foretold, that the dissenters must be saved whether they will or not; they resist even restraining grace; and would almost convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechanism is true in every part. To see men moved as puppets, with rage for their interest, with envy acting against their own interest, having men's persons in admiration: not only those of their own body, who certainly are the first who pretend to consummate wisdom and deep policy, yet have shewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are dwellers in thick clay. They are epicureans in act, puritans in profession, politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-stock to the deists and synagogue of the libertines, in whom they have trusted,

* This caustic and acrimonious answer to the application of the dissenters, was written by Dr. Swift, as appears from his handwriting, and particularly from a correction in the original draught.

and to whose infallibility they have sold themselves and their congregations. All they have done or can do, shall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for seventeen years been acting against all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving so much salt as to keep the body of them sweet: for there has not been one good bill, during that term of years, which they have not opposed in the House of Commons: contrary to the practice of those very few dissenters which were in the parliament in King Charles the Second's time, who thereby united themselves to the country gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have listed themselves with those, who had first denied our Saviour, and now have sold them.

I have written this only to shew you, that I am ready to do everything that is practicable, to save people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their ministers: I say, their *ministers;* because it is averred and represented, that the dissenting ministers have been consulted, and are consenting to this bill. By what lies and arts they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but as to myself, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage against me: finding I had stopped it in the House of Commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did, or did not pass. This would have no influence with me: for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worst enemies in the world of one side or other. I guess, by your letter, that you do not know that the bill yesterday passed both Houses, the Lords having agreed to the amendments made by the Commons; so that there is no room to do anything upon that head.

What remains is, to desire that the dissenters may

seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works—and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

Reverend Sir,

your most faithful, and

most humble servant,

OXFORD.

—o—

TO MR. —— AT LYNN.*

London, Dec. 26, 1711.

SIR,

THAT you may not be surprised with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occasion

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* This letter, which is a warm proof of the genuine feelings of Swift towards his friends, was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Long, the subject of his raillery in the treaty which was formally drawn up between them, and the writer of the letter which the reader will find a few pages before this. How Swift received the shocking and unexpected tidings of her death, will best appear from his expressions to Stella. "December 25, 1711.—I wish M. D. a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day, and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk, on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to, as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago, but then said she was recovered. I was never more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although

of it. The lady who lived near two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you was so kind to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Anne Long, sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Colonel Strangeways: she was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed. Accordingly she was always valued here above most of her sex, and by most distinguished persons. But by the unkindness of her friends, and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted some debts that made her uneasy here, and in order to clear them was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here. I thought fit to signify this to you, partly to let you know how valuable a person you have lost, but chiefly to desire that you will

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she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg-House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her, else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still. I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Postboy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for."—Journal to Stella, vol. II. 437.

please to bury her in some part of your church near a wall where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death as with hers. Neither did I ever know a person of either sex with more virtues, or fewer infirmities: the only one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had among them. If you visited her any short time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind, or the nature of her disease, I beg you will be so obliging to inform me; for the letter we have seen from her poor maid is so imperfect, by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death; and your letter may, if you please, be directed to Dr. Swift and put under a cover, which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at the Earl of Dartmouth's office, at Whitehall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occasion of it, and give some allowances to so great a loss, not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands. I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DEAN STERNE.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

SIR,

THE reason I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was, because I would not disturb the quiet you live in, and which the greatest and wisest men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happiness, that they do not. I have often sent the archbishop * political letters, of which I suppose you have had part. I have some weeks ago received a letter, from his grace, which I design to acknowledge in a short time, (as I desire you will please to tell him,) when things here come to some issue; and so we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of this session in the House of Lords, by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive, of the Earl of Nottingham.†

In above twenty years, that I have known something of courts, I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best of their bread to pensions from the court, and who were told by

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* The Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. King.—B.

† The Earl of Nottingham proposed, in the House of Lords, a clause to be inserted in the address of thanks to the queen for her speech, to represent to her majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of the house, that no peace could be made safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe, if Spain or the West Indies were to be allowed to any branch of the House of Bourbon. Which motion was carried by a majority of sixty-one votes to fifty-five.—B.

the public enemy, that what they did would be pleasing to the queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head: again, those whose purse-strings and heart-strings were the same, all on a sudden scattering their money to bribe votes;* a lord,† who had been so far always a Tory, as often to be thought in the Pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those Whigs, who hated and abhorred him: the Whigs all chiming in with a bill against occasional conformity;‡ and the very dissenting ministers agreeing to it, for reasons that nobody alive can tell;§ a resolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any possible scheme for continuing the war;

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* Alluding to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

† Earl of Nottingham.—B.

‡ One of the conditions upon which the Earl of Nottingham was said to have entered into strict engagements with the lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him to prevent *occasional conformity*, which he had formerly urged, and now designed to bring into the House of Lords; though under another title, and with such clauses as would, in some measure, enlarge the toleration of dissenters, and be a further security to the Protestant succession in the House of Commons. Accordingly, Dec. 15, 1711, his lordship brought into the House of Lords, "A bill for preserving the Protestant religion by better securing the Church of England, as by law established; and for confirming the toleration granted to Protestant Dissenters, by an act, intituled, 'An act for exempting their Majesties' Protestant subjects from the penalties of certain laws; and for the supplying the defects thereof;' and for the further securing the Protestant succession, by requiring the practisers of the law, in North Britain, to take the oaths, and subscribe the declaration therein mentioned." His lordship was supported by the Earls of Scarborough and Wharton, and several other lords; so that the bill was received, and read the first time without opposition; and Dec. 18, it passed the House of Lords; as it did that of the Commons on the 20th.—B. See the preceding letters between Mr. Shower, on behalf of the dissenters, and the Earl of Oxford.

§ It is said the dissenters consented to be kept out, that the Papists might not be let in.—H.

and all this owing to a doubtfulness or inconstancy in one certain quarter, which, at this distance, I dare not describe.* Neither do I find any one person, though deepest in affairs, who can tell what steps to take. On January the second, the House of Lords is to meet, and, it is expected, they will go on in their votes and addresses against a peace.

On the other side, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls' sons to the House of Peers; and I thought six more would have been called, and perhaps they may before Wednesday. We expect the Duke of Somerset and Lord Cholmondeley will lose their places; but it is not yet done, and we wish for one more change at court, which you must guess. To know upon what small circumstances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one which I did not give warning of, to those chiefly concerned, many months ago; and so did some others, for they were visible enough. This must infallibly end either in an entire change of measures and ministry, or in a firm establishment of our side. Delay, and tenderness to an inveterate party, have been very instrumental to this ill state of affairs. They tell me you in Ireland are furious against a peace; and it is a great jest to see people in Ireland furious for or against anything.

I hope to see you in spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to see the issue of this session. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finished: and

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* It was suspected that the queen's attachment to Mrs. Masham was on the wane; and that the Duchess of Somerset had acquired the ascendency over her.

I suppose you have now one or two fifty pounds ready for books,* which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increased my own little library very considerably; I mean, as far as one fifty pounds, which is very considerable for me. I have just had a letter from the St. Mary's ladies, &c.† I thought they were both dead; but I find they sometimes drink your claret still, and win your money.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

You know who.

P.S.—I had sealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the Duke of Somerset, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers' eldest sons, the rest new created; so that a majority is past dispute. We are all in the greatest joy imaginable to find her majesty declare herself so seasonably.

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* Dr. Sterne made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the Deanery-House, (then built by him,) which he fitted up for this purpose in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the subsequent part of his life; and when he died Bishop of Clogher, in June 1745, he bequeathed such books out of it, to the trustees of the public library in Dublin, founded by Primate Marsh, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be sold, and the money to be divided among the curates of his diocese; but as those gentlemen chose rather to have the books divided amongst them, their request was complied with by the bishop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots, as nearly equal as possible in value, and nailed up in boxes that were numbered. Duplicates of these numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.—H.

† Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—B.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Jan. 8, 1711–12.

My Lord,

I cannot in conscience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furnish what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good instructions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put me into a way of life where I can have leisure for such speculations.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts and ministers, I never saw so strange and odd a complicated disposition of affairs as what we have had for six weeks past. The facts your grace may have met with in every common newspaper; but the springs of them are hardly discoverable, even by those who had most opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best, agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of skill between those who are out and those who are in; and the former are generally most industrious at watching opportunities. Last September, at Windsor, the Duke of Somerset,* who had not been at cabinet council for many months, was advised by his friends of the late ministry to appear there, but the rest refused to sit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horse-race. This was declaring open war; and ever since both he

* This happened August 12, 1711.

and his duchess (who is in great favour) have been using all sorts of means to break the present ministry. Mrs. Masham was absent two months from Windsor, with lying-in at Kensington, and my lord-treasurer six weeks by indisposition. Some time before the session, the duke above-mentioned went to all those lords, who, by the narrowness of their fortunes, have depended on the court, and engaged them to vote against the ministry, by assuring them it was the queen's pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful motives. Bothmar's * memorial was published just at that juncture, as Hoffman the emperor's resident had some time before printed the French king's propositions. It is confidently affirmed, by those who should know, that money was plentifully scattered. By these and some other accidents, the vote was carried against the ministry; and everybody of either party understood the thing as intended directly against my lord-treasurer's head. The House of Lords made a very short adjournment, and were preparing some resolutions and addresses of the most dangerous importance. We had a very melancholy Christmas, and the most fearless persons were shaken: for our great danger lay where I cannot tell your grace at this distance. The thing wished for was, the removal of the Somerset family; but that could not be done, nor yet is.† After some time, the queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new lords were created.

My Lord Nottingham's game in this affair has been most talked of, and several hard things said of

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* Baron Bothmar, envoy-extraordinary from the Elector of Hanover, afterwards King George I.

† In the Journal, Swift declares more familiarly,

> We cannot be stout,
> Till Somerset's out.

him are affirmed to be true. The dissenting ministers in this town were consulted about the occasional bill, and agreed to it, for what reasons I cannot learn; that which is offered not satisfying me that they were afraid of worse. I believe they expected an entire change of ministry and measures, and a new parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have instead some law to their advantage. The Duke of Marlborough's removal * has passed very silently; the particular reasons for it I must tell your grace some other time: but how it will pass abroad I cannot answer. People on both sides conclude from it that the peace is certain; but the conclusion is ill drawn: the thing would have been done, although we had been sure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of Prince Eugene's coming, and therefore it was put off until the resolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he asked, how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen on Sunday, about seven at night. The great men resolve to entertain him in their turns; and we suppose it will all end in a journey of pleasure. We are so confidently told of the Duke of Somerset's being out, that I writ so to the Dean of St. Patrick's. A man of quality told me he had it from my lord-keeper, whom I asked next day, and found it a mistake; but it is impossible to fence against all lies; however, it is still expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord Ranelagh † died on Sunday morning: he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of

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* Dec. 28, 1711. See vol. II. p. 443.

† Richard Jones, Baron Jones of Navan, and Viscount Ranelagh, created Earl of Ranelagh, December 11, 1677. He was vice-treasurer of Ireland, constable of Athlone, several years paymaster of the army, and a lord of the privy-council.

a pension which used to be paid him, and which his friends solicited as a thing of perfect charity. He died hard, as the term of art here is, to express the woful state of men who discover no religion at their death.

The town talk is, that the Duke of Ormond will go no more to Ireland, but be succeeded by the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is a very great and excellent person; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his duchess: if they go, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only a general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord-privy-seal. Buys, the Dutch envoy, went to Holland, I think, at the same time. Buys is a great pretender to politics, and always leaves the company with great expressions of satisfaction that he has convinced them all: he took much pains to persuade me out of some opinions; and although all he said did but fix me deeper, he told the ministry how successful he had been. I have got poor Dr. King,* who was some time in Ireland, to be Gazetteer, which will be worth £250 per annum to him, if he be diligent and sober,† for which I am engaged. I mention this, because I think he was under your grace's protection when he was in Ireland.

By what I gather from Mr. Southwell, I believe your grace stands very well with the Duke of Ormond; and it is one great addition to my esteem

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* Dr. William King, of the Commons, whose Miscellaneous Writings, in verse and prose, were collected in three volumes, small 8vo, 1776, with Biographical Memoirs, by Mr. Nichols.

† Owing to a deficiency in the former of these qualities, and want of fortitude to undergo the necessary drudgery, King soon lost the situation.

for Mr. Southwell, that he is entirely your grace's friend and humble servant, delighting to do you justice upon all occasions.

I am, with the greatest respect,

your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

———.

—o—

FROM DR. SACHEVERELL.*

REVEREND SIR, Southwark, Jan. 31, 1711–12.

SINCE you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good lord-treasurer's favour in my behalf, I should be very ungrateful if I did not return you my most hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgments to his lordship for the success it has met with.

I received, last Monday, a message by my pupil, Mr. Lloyd, (representative of Shropshire,) from Mr. Harley, by his lordship's order, to inquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of business for some

* Sacheverell, like other tools of party, was rather neglected by the Tory administration, who were, perhaps, ashamed to confess how much they were indebted to his very foolish affair for their success over Godolphin, and unwilling to make such an acknowledgment, by extending active patronage to the author of that disturbance. Swift seems to have felt the impropriety of absolutely passing over a man whose zeal for High Church had been so remarkable; and solicited the treasurer effectually in his behalf, as appears from the following letter of thanks, and from the Journal, Vol. II. p. 471.

years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family; that his education had not qualified him for any considerable or nice post; but that, if his lordship thought him an object of his favour, I entirely submitted him to his disposal, and should be very thankful to his goodness to ease me of part of that heavy burden of my family, that required more than my poor circumstances could allow of.

I am informed also that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr. Secretary St. John, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordship.

I should be proud of an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one that wishes the welfare or honour of his church or country, can have too great a veneration.

But, for yourself, (good Doctor,) who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I should be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place, to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on,

Reverend Sir,

Your most faithful servant,

H. SACHEVERELL.

P.S.—I am told there is a place in the custom-house void, called the searchers; which, if proper to ask, I would not presume, but rather leave it to his lordship's disposal.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, March 29, 1712.

I cannot ask pardon for not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, because that would look as if I thought mine were of consequence. Either I grow weary of politics, or am out of the way of them, or there is less stirring than usual; and, indeed, we are all in suspense at present; but I am told that, in ten or twelve days' time, we shall know what the issue will be at Utrecht. I can only tell your grace, that there are some unlucky circumstances, not proper to be trusted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work; *Mihi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis observantur.* Meantime, we are with great difficulty raising funds upon which to borrow five millions. One of those funds is a tax upon paper, and, I think, 30 per cent. upon imported books; and of such a nature, as I could not yesterday forbear saying to my lord-treasurer and the chancellor of the exchequer, that, instead of preventing small papers and libels, it will leave nothing else for the press. I have not talked to the Duke of Argyll upon the affairs of Spain since his return; but am told he affirms it impossible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The Duke of Ormond is expected to go in two or three days for Flanders; and what I writ to your grace, some months ago, of the Duke of Shrewsbury succeeding to govern Ireland, will, I suppose, be soon declared. I was the other day to see the duchess, and reported your grace's compliments, which she took very

well; and I told her I was resolved your grace and she should be very good acquaintance. I believe the spirit of your houghers has got into our mohawks, who are still very troublesome, and every night cut somebody or other over the face, and commit a hundred insolent barbarities.

There was never the least design of any impeachment against the Duke of Marlborough; and it was his own great weakness, or the folly of his friends, that the thing went so far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people have talked themselves hoarse; but, for some weeks past, we have heard less of the Pretender than formerly. I suppose it is, like a fashion, got into Ireland, when it is out here: but, in my conscience, I do not think any one person in the court or ministry here designs any more to bring in the Pretender than the great Turk. I hope Mr. Harley, who is now on his journey to Hanover, will give that court a truer opinion of persons and things than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the instrument through which these false opinions have been infused, you would allow it another instance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium.** And your grace cannot but agree that it is something singular for the prince in possession to make perpetual advances, and the persumptive heir to be standing off and suspicious.

I know not whether your grace has considered the position that my lord-treasurer is visibly in. The late ministry, and their adherents, confess themselves fully resolved to have his head, whenever it is in their power: and were prepared, upon the beginning of the sessions, when the vote was carried against

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* Mons. Roberthon, the valet de chambre of the Elector of Hanover, was said to have considerable influence in prejudicing his master against Oxford's administration.

any peace without Spain, to move that he should be sent to the Tower: at the same time, his friends, and the Tories in general, are discontented at his slowness in the changing of commissions and employments, to which the weakness of the court interest in the House of Lords is wholly imputed: neither do I find that those in the greatest stations, or most in the confidence of my lord-treasurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or seem satisfied with it. I have endeavoured to solve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cause, the consequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but does not use so much exercise as she ought. Pray God preserve her many years!

A projector has lately applied to me to recommend him to the ministry about an invention for finding out the longitude. He has given in a petition to the queen by Mr. Secretary St. John. I understand nothing of the mathematics; but I am told it is a thing as improbable as the philosopher's stone, or perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord-treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language. And he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something will come of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 20, 1712.

My Lord,

When I had the honour of your grace's letter of March 27, I was lying ill of a cruel disorder, which still pursues me, although not with so much violence; and I hope your grace will pardon me, if you find my letter to be that of one who writes in pain. You see, my lord, how things are altered. The talk of a new governor for Ireland is dropped. The secret is, that the Duke of Ormond had a promise of a pension, in case he lost his government; but my lord-treasurer is so excessively thrifty, that, to save charges, he lets the duke keep it; and, besides, there are some other circumstances, not proper for a letter, which have great weight in this matter. I count upon it, that whatever governor goes over under this ministry, a new parliament will be called. Yet I was told that the Duke of Shrewsbury was pitched on, as a sort of medium between,* &c. He is a person of admirable qualities; and, if he were somewhat more active, and less timorous in business, no man would be thought comparable to him.

The moderate of the other party seem now content to have a peace, and all our talk and expectations are full of it: but I protest to your grace I know not what to write upon this subject, neither could I tell what to say, if I had the honour

* Between Whig and Tory, possibly.

to be with you. Upon Lord Strafford's* coming over, the stocks are fallen; although I expected, and, I thought, with reason, that they would rise. There is a trade between some here, and some in Holland, of secrets and lies; and there are some among us, whose posts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things, which they cannot conceal. This mixture makes up the town-talk, governs the price of stocks, and has often a great deal of truth in it: besides, public affairs have often so many sudden turns and incidents, that even those behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am sensible that I have often deceived your grace with my wise innuendoes. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very right at the moment I sent it. If I had writ to your grace six days ago, I would have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would soon appear, and upon conditions wholly surprising and unexpected. I say this to you wholly in confidence; and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the desponding talk of the town; for I see nothing yet in the countenances of the ministers. It seems generally agreed that the present dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many measures to be taken.† This afternoon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants, &c., was thrown out of the House of Lords, the voices being equal, which is a great disappointment to the court, and matter of triumph to the other party. But it may possibly be of the worst consequence to the grants next session, when it is

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* His lordship was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Utrecht.

† The great impediment to peace was the probability that France and Spain might fall one day under the dominion of the same monarch, a danger which was considerably increased by the death of the dauphin.

probable the ministry will be better settled, and able to procure a majority.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MRS. HILL.*

July, 1712.

MADAM,

I WAS commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided, because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my Lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the queen's health, and your house-keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full

* The wife of General Hill, and sister-in-law to the reigning favourite, Mrs. Masham, now Lady Masham. Her husband was appointed governor of Dunkirk when it was ceded to the English.

stomachs and full pockets; that Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my lord-treasurer, as what deserves commiseration: but we hope the matter is already settled between his lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his lordship's life is now secure, since a combination of bandboxes and inkhorns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him.* He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you, under the name of "the Governess of Dunkirk," and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My Lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, "that they did not except she would cry out this fortnight." I saw yesterday our brother Hill,† who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the headache and the spleen; and one who knows your constitution very well, advises you by all means against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at see-saw in your chair. I am, madam, &c.

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* For an account of this mysterious business, which the Whigs termed in derision the "Bandbox Plot," see Vol. III. p. 61, note.

† An elder brother of the general. He was placed in the custom-house by the Duke of Marlborough, and got promotion there.

—o—

TO GENERAL HILL.*

Windsor Castle, Aug. 12, 1712.

SIR,

WITH great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France † out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: she allowed her own to be the prettiest, but then mine was the handsomest; and, in short, she would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my Lord and Lady Masham to intercede; and at last she threw it me with a heavy sigh; but now it is in my possession, I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to do but keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprise my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparsion of those? Mrs. Hill says, it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grub Street is no more; for the

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* This gentleman was brother to Lady Masham, which was in truth his only pretext to favour; but although Queen Anne had been fortunate enough to find the first general of the time in the husband of her former favourite, the brother of the Duchess of Marlborough's successor in royal favour was gifted with a very inferior degree of military knowledge. He was employed in an unsuccessful expedition against Quebec, and, at the date of this letter, was governor of Dunkirk, which had been ceded to the British in security of the preliminaries of peace. From this place he sent Swift the snuff-box, to which this lively letter has reference.

† This snuff-box, Swift informed Stella, was allowed to be the finest in England, though it cost only £20. The Duchess of Hamilton made him a pocket to wear it in. See Vol. III. p. 48.

Parliament has killed all the Muses of Grub Street, who yet, in their last moments, cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My lord-treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says, you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it. But I am not angry at all, and his lordship observes by halves; for the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says, "you meant it as a compliment for us both: that I am the goose who saved the Capitol by my cackling; and that his lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays." But my Lord Masham is not to be endured: he observed, that in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with a cap and bells; and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened last night to be at my lady Duchess of Shrewsbury's ball; where, looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage, without staying for supper. However, considering of it better, after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me; but it shall not do so; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may represent them. And though I am used ill by all the family, who win my money and laugh at me; yet, to vex them more I will forgive them for your sake; and as soon as I can break loose, will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions, by the Harleys, the Mashams, and the Hills: only I

intend to change my habit, for fear Colonel Killigrew should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the meantime, I wish you all success in your government, loyal French subjects, virtuous ladies, little champagne, and much health: and am, with the truest respect and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient,

humble servant and brother.

—o—

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO MR. PRIOR.*

September 10, 1712.

I WAS equally surprised and vexed to find that, by the uncouth way of explaining the queen's sense, you had been led to imagine, that it was intended my Lord Lexington should make any difficulty of seeing and complimenting the King of Spain as such. We spent above three hours in penning minutes yesterday upon this head, which was long ago adjusted. I suppose the instructions will be at last clear; but my Lord Lexington having been present at the debate, his understanding of the matter will make amends for any dark ambiguous article which may be in them.

Dartmouth is to communicate the queen's orders

* This letter, which is strictly confidential, may be allowed to bear evidence in history as to the private transactions of the Treaty of Utrecht. Nothing was more remarkable than the dexterity with which the French, during the negotiation, perceived and availed themselves of the necessity of making peace, under which the Tory administration of Queen Anne had brought themselves, by their absolute breach with the Duke of Marlborough.

herein to you, that so you may be able to satisfy the French ministers, and they to prepare the Spanish ministers. However, I will venture to tell you in a few words what I understand is to be the measure of Lord Lexington's conduct. As soon as he arrives at Madrid, he will notify his arrival to the secretary of state. He will, when he sees this minister, let him know, "That the queen has sent him thither to compliment the king in her name; to be a witness of the several renunciations and other acts requisite to complete the execution of the article agreed upon as necessary to prevent the union of the two monarchies: That, after this, he is to proceed to settle such matters of commerce, and other affairs, as are for the mutual interest of both nations, and to take the character of ambassador upon him." My lord will at the same time produce his credentials, and give the secretary a copy of them if he desires it. In this conference, he will farther take notice of the several cessions made by the king of France, in behalf of his grandson to the queen; and will speak of them as points which he looks upon to be concluded. He will likewise give a memorial of them in writing, signed by himself, to the secretary; and expect from him an assent in the king's name, in writing also, and signed by the secretary. This seems natural, civil, and unexceptionable; but any other scheme is absurd, and inconsistent with the rest of all our proceedings.

For God's sake, dear Matt, hide the nakedness of thy country; and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with, to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets.

I have writ in great haste a prodigious long letter to Monsieur de Torcy, which, I believe, he will shew you; but, for fear he should not, I enclose in this an

extract of part of it, which relates to a matter that has given lord-treasurer and your humble servant no small trouble in the cabinet. The copy of the plenipotentiaries' dispatch of the 2d of September, which I likewise send, will shew you how a dispute, now on foot at Utrecht, began; you will observe, their lordships are very warm in it: and I can assure you, we have those who are not a jot cooler.

The solution of this difficulty must come from you; it is a matter of management and appearance, more than of substance; and the court of France must be less politic than I think them at any time, and more unreasonable than I think them at this time, not to come into a temperament upon a matter unnecessarily started. You must begin by making Monsieur de Torcy not only to understand, but own he understands, the proposition which I am sure he remembers I more than once repeated to him, when I was in France, upon various occasions, and which I have again stated as clearly as I am able. The queen can never do anything, which shall look like a direct restraint on her allies from demanding what they judge necessary; but as long as they act the part which they now do, she can very justly be passive and neuter as to their interests: and if her peace be made before theirs, which she will not delay for them, she can with the same justice leave them to make their own bargain. This is advantage enough for France; and such a one, fairly speaking, as, a year ago, they would have given more than Tournay to have been sure of: they must not therefore press us to go farther than this; nor do anything which may seem contradictory to what the queen delivered from the throne.* That speech they have always

* See this speech in Swift's "History of the Four last Years of the Queen." Vol. V. p. 180.

owned as the plan they submitted to; and it varies but little from that brought hither by Gualtier. In a word, the use which the French will make of the unaccountable obstinacy of the Dutch, and other allies, may in several respects, and particularly, for aught I know, in this instance of Tournay, give them an opportunity of saving and gaining more than they could have hoped for; and the queen may in the present circumstances contribute passively to this end, but actively she never can, in any circumstances.

I think in my own opinion, and I believe speak the queen's upon this occasion, that it were better the French should in the course of the treaty declare, "That whatever they intended to have given the Dutch, when the queen spoke from the throne, their conduct has been such, and the situation of affairs so altered, that the king is resolved to have Tournay restored to him." I say, I believe this were better than to expect that we should consent to an exposition of the queen's words, by which her majesty would yield the town up.

Let the conferences begin as soon as they can, I dare say, business will not be very speedily dispatched in them: in the meantime we shall go on to ripen everything for a conclusion between us and Savoy, and France and Spain; and this is the true point of view, which the French ought to have before their eyes.

You will be very shortly particularly and fully instructed to settle the article of North America, and those points of commerce still undetermined: that done, the ministers may sign at Utrecht, as soon as they can hear from Lord Lexington.

My Lord Dartmouth writes to you concerning a clamour which our merchants have raised, as if, under pretence of not carrying to Lisbon or Barcelona *des provisions de guerre ou de bouche*, they

shall be debarred from their usual traffic of corn and fish, which at those places there are great demands for, in time of peace as well as war, and without any consideration of the armies. The difficulty as to Lisbon seems to be removed, by the Portuguese submitting to come into the suspension of arms; and he proposes to you an expedient as to Barcelona: but in truth that war must be ended of course now, since the queen supports it no longer, and the Dutch are recalling their fleet from the Straits. The Duke of Argyll is going immediately now away; and the moment he comes to Minorca, he draws to him everything belonging to the queen out of Catalonia; the imperial troops must in my opinion that moment submit, and compound for transportation; and when the war is at an end, I think there can be no pretence for quarrelling with us for carrying our goods to the people of the country.

It is now three o'clock in the morning: I have been hard at work all day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue: excuse therefore the confusedness of this scroll, which is only from Harry to Matt, and not from the secretary to the minister.

Your credentials as minister plenipotentiary will be sent you together with your full powers, by the next boat: and before Duke Hamilton goes, I will move to have you removed to Utrecht; which there will be a natural handle for, as soon as you shall settle the points of commerce, and in doing that have given the last stroke to the finishing the treaty with France.

Make my compliments to Madam Teriol; and let her know that I have, I hope, put her affair into a way of being finished to her satisfaction. I have spoke very earnestly to Maffei, and have used the proper arguments to him.

Adieu! my pen is ready to drop out of my hand. Believe that no man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours, &c. BOLINGBROKE.

P.S.—I had almost forgot to tell you, that the queen is pleased to discharge the Mareschal Tallard's parole; which you may assure him, with my compliments, of; and give any signification necessary in form.

END OF VOL. XV.

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